TROPAEUM

BUTLER HIGH SCHOOL

1930

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YEARBOOK
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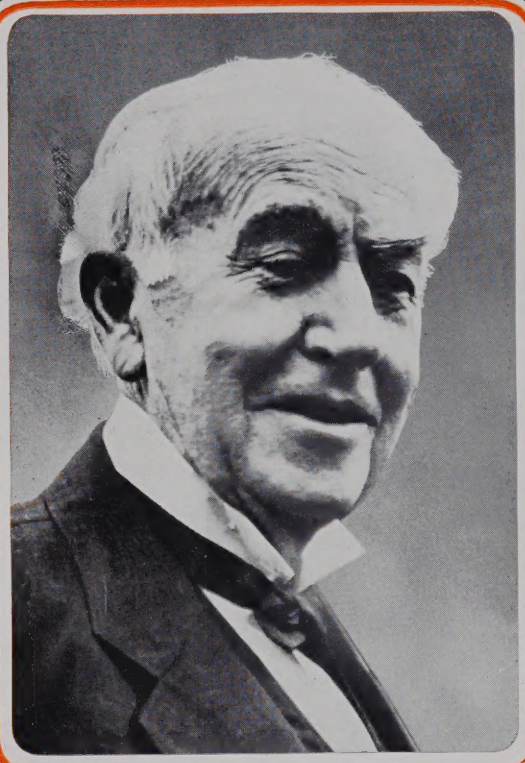
Tropaeum

1930

Published by
THE CLASS OF 1930
Butler High School
Butler, Indiana

FOREWORD



THOMAS A. EDISON
The
Great Electrical Wizard

WE publish this year-book not in the hope that it might live as a work of true literary value, but that it might shine forth as a light bringing back pleasant memories to the students of Butler High School.

DEDICATION

BERNARD STURGIS
A Winner
Of the Edison Contest

TO Bernard Sturgis whose recent achievement has given us exclusive right to choose the Edisonian theme for our book we, the Senior Class of Butler High School, dedicate this Tropaeum of 1930.

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The School Board

MR. HUSSELMAN
President

MR. WATERMAN

Secretary

MR. WAFFLE
Treasurer

The Faculty

JOHN PAUL PRICE, A. B., M. A.

Tangier, Indiana

Indiana State Normal
Central Normal
University of Wisconsin

W. B. FRENCH, A. B.

Fort Branch, Indiana

Okland City College
Indiana State Teachers' College
Indiana University

The Faculty

JULIA C. COOPER, B. S. of H. S.
Middletown, Indiana
Purdue University

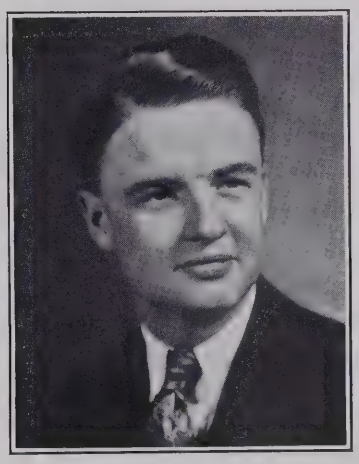
JESSE J. FERGUSON, A. B.
Ossian, Indiana

University of Ill.
Central Normal
Indiana University

CHARLES F. MOORE, B. S. of A.
Dowagiac, Michigan
Purdue University

The Faculty

ESTHER D. PARKER, A. B.
Butler, Indiana
Indiana Central



JOHN T. POFFENBERGER, A. B.
Butler, Ind.

Ball State Teachers' College

KATHRYN L. SMITH
Butler, Indiana
Indiana Central

Editors-in-Chief

RAGNA BRYANT
ROBERT GEHRING

Managers

BLAINE REX
ELMER BEEBE

Senior Class

Seniors

JAMES ALWOOD

"An athlete today, tomorrow and forever."

Basketball 2-3-4; Baseball 2-3-4; Class Vice Pres. 3; Class President 4; Senior Play; Operetta 4; Science Club 2-3-4; Co-champion Horseshoe Tournament 2; Circulation Mgr. Tropaeum.

LLOYD ASH

"Let me alone, women mean nothing to me!"

Demosthonian Literary Society 1; Science Club 2-3-4; Basketball 4; Operetta 4.

ELMER BEEBE

"Show me the way to go home."

Business Mgr. Tropaeum; Hi-Y 2-3-4; Yell leader 3; Science Club 2-3-4; Junior play; Senior play; Operetta, Basketball 4; Demosthonian Society 1.

ROBERT BEVINGTON

"Go West, young man, go West."

Science Club 2-3-4; Hi-Y 4; Senior play; Track 3-4.

ALBERT BROWN

"Life's too short to waste time studying."

Science Club 2-3-4; Athletic Manager 4.

Seniors

RAGNA BRYANT

"Books, books, books, my kingdom for more books!"

Demosthonian Literary Society 1; Junior play; Senior play; Editor-in-Chief Tropaeum; Scholarship Pins 1-2-3; Valedictorian.

MABLE CASEBERE

Demure and dimpled, what more could you want?"

Antonian Literary Society 1; Blue Triangle 1-2-3-4.

GENEVIEVE CHAPMAN

"Silence and observation are her companions."

Entered 1928 from Defiance High School. Glee Club 3-4; Blue Triangle 3-4; Class Secretary and Treasured 4; President Glee Club 4.

HELEN COOK

"A girl quite charming and plucky as well."

Demosthonian Literary Society 1; Secretary-Historian 3; Blue Triangle 2-3-4; Joke Editor Tropaeum; Scholarship pin 1; Salutatorian.

NELSON DEVER

"He will succeed who day by day plods along."

Country Boys' Club 1-2; Hi-Y Club 2-3-4; Science Club 3-4; Demosthonian Literary Society 1; Basketball 3; Baseball 2-3.

Seniors

ROBERT GEHRING

"I wonder—Do gentlemen prefer blondes?"

Junior Play; Senior Play; Latin Contest 1-2; Demosthonian Literary Orchestra 4; Literary Contest.

ROBERT HOLLINGER

"Silence is golden."

Hi-Y 4; Glee Club; Orchestra.

AARON HOLMAN

"He hurries not, he worries not."

Science Club 3-4; Hi-Y 3-4; Country Boys' Club 1-2; Demosthonian Literary Society 1; Orchestra 2-3-4.

GERTRUDE JOHNSON

"I study and keep quiet."

Demosthonian Literary Society 1; Senior Play; Blue Triangle 1-2; Science Club 3-4; Girls' Basketball Team 2.

LE ROY JOHNSON

"Why bother with books and study? I'll get through."

Hi-Y 4; Science Club 4; Junior Play.

Seniors

DONALD KEEFER

"I may arrive late, but I always arrive."

Class Vice President 1; Class President; Baseball 2-3-4; Glee Club; Science Club 2-3-4; Basketball 1-2-3-4.

DORIS KESTER

"Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!"

Blue Triangle 2-3-4; Glee Club 1-3-4; Science Club 3-4; Music Literary Contest 1-2; Orchestra 2-3-4.

VIVIAN KLINE

"Sleep is a blessed thing beloved from pole to pole."

Orchestra 3; Blue Triangle 2-3-4; Demosthonian Literary Society 1; Class Treasurer 1; Science Club 3-4.

BLAINE REX

"Wind moves a lot of ships."

Baseball 3-4; Class President 1; Junior Play; Hi-Y President 4; Senior Play; Science Club 2-3-4; Boys' Glee Club 4; Operetta 4; Business Manager Tropaeum.

BERNARD STULLER

"Oh, what wouldn't we give to have that hair!"

Demosthonian Literary Society 1; Science Club 3-4; Hi-Y 4.

Seniors

BERNICE STULLER

"She has a smile that goes all the way around and buttons in the back."

Antonian Literary Society 1; Blue Triangle 1-2-3-4; Girls' Basketball.

HELEN TURNER

"Both witty and good natured."

Demosthonian Literary Society 1; Blue Triangle 4.

LEO TYSON

"Oh, to be famous!"

Basketball 3-4; Baseball 4; Hi-Y 3-4; Science Club 2-3-4; Operetta 4; Boys' Glee Club 4; Antonian Literary Society 1.

BUREN ULM

"Just hear me orate."

Scholarship pin 3; Hi-Y 4; Science Club 2-3, President 4; Basketball 3-4; Baseball 3-4; Track 3-4; Boys' Glee Club 4; Boys' Quartette 4; Senior Play; Oratorical Contest 3; Operetta 4; Antonian Literary Society 1.

DOROTHY WAGNER

"We all hope Dorothy will use her influence in Hamilton to have the stop light removed."

Senior Play; Junior Play; Blue Triangle 4; Calendar Editor Tropaeum 4.

History of Senior Class

1926 - 1927

FORTY-ONE Freshmen entered Butler High School in September 1926. They were at first timid and frightened at their new surroundings, but soon having become acquainted with the teachers and building, felt more at ease and proceeded "down the road of hard study". When the organization meeting was held the following officers were elected for the initial term in High School:

President - - - -	Blaine Rex
Vice President - - -	Donald Keefer
Secretary-Treasurer - - -	Vivian Kline
Historian - - - -	Doris Kester

The social activities for the year were: a Freshman Frolic held the second week of school in the gymnasium, which tended to make us better acquainted with the faculty.

On Hallowe'en, October 30, a masquerade party was held in the gymnasium.

Near the close of the school year the class flower, class colors, and class motto were chosen. They are as follows:

CLASS FLOWER—Pink Carnation.
CLASS COLORS—Blue and Buff.
CLASS MOTTO—"Climb, though the rocks are rugged."

1927 - 1928

Only thirty-two returned to take their places as Sophomores. The following officers were chosen to act as leaders:

President - - - -	Donald Keefer
Vice President - - -	James Alwood
Secretary-Treasurer - -	Doris Kester

Honor was brought to our class when Doris Kester received the trophy cup for a piano solo in the county music-literary contest.

We purchased our school rings during our second term in High School. Formerly the classes had secured theirs in the Junior year.

The social events of the year were two parties. A Hallowe'en party and and April Fool's party.

1928 - 1929

In September 1928, twenty-eight of our former members returned to continue their journey "down the road of hard study".

The following were cchosen to lead the class during the Junior year:

President - - - -	Doris Kester
Vice President - - -	James Alwood
Secretary - - - -	Helen Cook
Treasurer - - - -	Donald Keefer

"All A Mistake", a farce comedy was presented by our class to a large audience in the High School Auditorium.

The proceeds of this production together with the profits realized from the sale of refreshments at all home basketball games went to give the Seniors a Farewell Banquet. This banquet was held at Potawatomi Inn.

1929 - 1930

Twenty-five loyal members returned in September 1929 to take their places as Seniors in Butler High School.

At the first class meeting the following officers were elected to guide the class through its last and most eventful year in B. H. S.

President - - - -	James Alwood
Vice President - - -	Blaine Rex
Secretary-Treasurer -	Genevieve Chapman

Immediately projects were considered in order to accumulate means to publish an Annual. "Marquis" the Magician was sponsored by the Senior class. A good audience attended and the venture was a success. Next "Big Rich" the poet laureate of Indiana gave an entertainment, sponsored by the Senior class. H. S. pins were sold by the Senior class to secure additional finances towards the publication of this Annual.

The Seniors won the interclass basketball championship held early in October. At the close of the basketball season five first team players from our ranks received sweaters and letters.

The most outstanding project undertaken by the class was the reproduction of the comedy drama "Esmeralda". One of the largest audiences ever to witness an entertainment of this kind in B. H. S. attended this play. It proved to be a huge success.

Since "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" it was decided to have a class party. The party was held March 7 and a good time was enjoyed by everyone.

With the publication of this 1930 TROPAEUM the Class of 1930 closes its Career as an organized body in Butler High School.

—J. J. A.

Class Will

WE, THE Senior Class of 1930 of the City of Butler, being of exceptionally sound mind, good, healthy and kindly disposition, desire as we see the last days of our high school coming to an end when we shall all go forth into the storms of life do execute this, our last will and testament in the hopes that it will help the friends we leave behind to find a world of happiness when they shall have come to the end of their high school days.

To our honored faculty we Seniors, twenty-five in number, do will our everlasting respect and love.

To a Junior, our president's executive ability.

To Carl Bryant, Lloyd Ash's boisterousness.

To Ford Doan, Elmer Beebe's ability to hit long shots.

To Charles Metcalf, Robert Bevington's knowledge of Model T Fords.

To Dave Blaker, A. L. Brown's "Air Stories".

To Martha Hatfield, Helen Cook's Juliet roles in plays.

To Ruth Mutzfeld, Mable Casebere's ability to drive both small Fords and big Dodges.

To Helen Waffle, Ragna Bryant's studious nature.

To Kester Cather, Leo Tyson's half-mile grin.

To Art Lyons, Nelson Dever's meek spirit and his red Ford.

To Junior Culbertson, Aaron Holman's seat by the assembly window.

To Earl Riser, Robert Hollinger's Waterloo date. (See the donor for details.)

To Robert Kester, Le Roy Johnson's reckless driving.

To Josephine Shaffer, Helen Turner's housekeeping ability.

To Marcella Powers, Vivian Kline's job as art editor.

To Harold Molitor, Doris Kester's ability to play the piano.

To Myron Lowe, Blaine Rex's height.

To Emerson Aldrich, Buren Ulm's Freshman girl.

To Kathryn Noragon, Bernice Stuller's quiet manner.

To Le Moil Graff, Gertrude Johnson's attempt to grow long hair.

To Helen Bonecutter, Bernard Stuller's curly hair.

To Mae Hesley, Robert Gehring's short-hand note book.

To Sarah Sewell, Dorothy Wagnre's dark hair and darker eyes.

Signed, sealed, declared and published by the aforesaid Senior class as their last will and testament, in the presence of all fellow classmen, who at their request and in their presence, have subscribed our names as witnesses hereto.

—Donald J. Keefer.

Class Prophecy

MISS X.—"Hello, central, ring B. H. S., one nine three naught please. No, B. H. S. one thousand nine hundred thirty. Yes, yes, central, B. H. S. nineteen thirty. Oh, hello dear. How are you?"

MISS Y.—"Oh much better, thank you. I just returned from Dr. Holman's office; you probably know him, Aaron Holman, and he said . . . oh, by the way, have you seen his new wife?"

MISS X.—"No, I haven't seen her yet. Who was it he married this time?"

MISS Y.—"Berniece Stuller is her name. He knew her a long time and I really believe it was a case of love that brought them together. They seem so happy."

MISS X.—"Dr. Holman has a very lovely nurse, doesn't he?"

MISS Y.—"Yes, and she is very competent."

MISS X.—"Miss Kline has worked several years for him."

MISS Y.—"Wasn't it wonderful of Vivian to take up that work? I think she really enjoys it."

MISS X.—"I'm sure that she does. But say, I've been having the most thrilling time!"

MISS Y.—"Really? What have you been doing?"

MISS X.—"I've taken up aviation and it's just marvelous. I've had three lessons already and my instructor is the most adorable fellow. His name is Leo Tyson."

MISS Y.—"Oh yes, he is quite a noted aviator, isn't he? I've heard a great deal about him. But say, have you been reading about the fellow that is going to attempt to break the world's speed record at Daytona Beach?"

MISS X.—"Do you mean Leroy Johnson? Say, won't he get some thrills? Wouldn't you just love to see him?"

MISS Y.—"Oh, yes, I would. But I believe I would just as leave see another prize fight like I saw last night though, in preference to it."

MISS X.—"Were you really at a prize fight? Who were the fighters?"

MISS Y.—"Scully Ash and Nelson Dever fought and Dever was knocked out in the twenty-first round."

MISS X.—"Twenty-first? Oh, my dear, they never fight that many rounds."

MISS Y.—"Well, probably it wasn't. I just couldn't keep track of them. But anyway Dever's wife, who used to be Gertrude Johnson, was there, and she nearly fainted when he was knocked out."

MISS X.—"I'm afraid it would have been almost too much for me, too. But I must tell you where I was last night. I went to a concert given by Genevieve Chapman Shanks and Buren Ulm, and it was really wonderful. They sang some beautiful numbers and then their accompanist, Doris Kester, played several selections."

MISS Y.—"I heard that it was very good but you know I never cared so much for music as I do athletics."

MISS X.—"Yes, I know you were always crazy about them. By the way, I suppose you saw the wonderful Notre Dame football game."

MISS Y.—"Oh, certainly! I wouldn't have missed it. Coach Keefer sure does know his stuff about football. And say, they had the cleverest yell leader. He was trained by Beebe."

MISS X.—"Oh, yes, I remember of hearing about the school Elmer Beebe originated for the training of yell leaders. Quite an idea, wasn't it?"

MISS Y.—"Very original. But to change the subject, do you remember Ragna Bryant?"

MISS X.—"Why let me see . . . the name sounds familiar. Oh, I remember. She used to be in our class at High School."

MISS Y.—"Yes, and now she is one of the highest paid instructors at Northwestern University."

MISS X.—"Really? But did you know that Robert Gehring is also teaching there? He has become quite noted as a professor of languages."

MISS Y.—"I ran across another one of your old class-mates the other day. I was down at the zoo and I just happened to notice a fellow with flaming red hair. He looked rather familiar and suddenly it just dawned on me that it was James Alwood."

MISS X.—"Oh, I remember him, he was our senior class president. Well, what was he doing?"

MISS Y.—"Why he is an animal caretaker there. You know he always was fond of animals. Remember how crazy he used to be about a certain camel when he was a senior?"

MISS X.—"I certainly do. You know I always thought he'd become a great man, and I guess he's succeeded."

MISS Y.—"Oh, dear, we had some of the most awful trouble here the other day."

MISS X.—"You did? Anything very serious?"

MISS Y.—"Well, not so very, but it was rather annoying. You know we just bought a new radio and Robert Bevington was installing it. He was down cellar hooking a wire on a water pipe and he pounded a hole in the pipe and about drowned himself and flooded the basement."

MISS X.—"My goodness, wasn't he able to handle a hammer? Well, what on earth did you do?"

MISS Y.—"I was upstairs when it happened. I heard him call for help so I ran right down to see what the trouble was. There he stood with his hand over the pipe trying to keep the water back and standing in several inches of water."

MISS X.—"You called the plumber right away didn't you?"

MISS Y.—"Yes, I hurried right upstairs and called A. L. Brown. He came, when he got ready, and repaired the leak. By that time Bevington was just about drowned."

MISS X.—"That was really too bad for him, but in a way he deserved it for being so awkward."

MISS Y.—"But to make it worse, the neighbors heard all the confusion and thought something terrible was going on so they sent for the police."

MISS X.—"Well, of all the nerve!"

MISS Y.—"Then right in the midst of everything in walked officer Bernard Stuller and I had to stop and explain everything to him."

MISS X.—"You poor kid, that was certainly a terrible predicament to get into."

MISS Y.—"Oh, my, it's getting rather late and I have an appointment at the beauty shop in a few minutes."

MISS X.—"I musn't keep you longer then. But say, where do you have your work done now?"

MISS Y.—"Why, at the Golden Peacock. It's a very clever little shop and is run by two young girls, Helen Turner and Helen Cook. Both of them are very good operators."

MISS X.—"I hadn't heard of it before, but I'll look it up. Oh goodness, I'd nearly forgotten. I'm going to have callers this afternoon. Mable Casebere and Dorothy Wagner are coming."

MISS Y.—"They're going to be married soon, aren't they?"

MISS X.—"Yes, they're planning on having a double wedding. We're all planning to go to the lecture together this evening."

MISS Y.—"Oh, are you going, too? You know I wouldn't miss hearing Mr. Hollinger speak for the world. He's simply marvelous."

MISS X.—"Isn't he though? But really I must let you go now. I have to call Mr. Rex, the butcher, and order meat for dinner."

MISS Y.—"Well, I'll see you soon."

MISS X.—"Oh yes, good bye, dear."

MISS Y.—"Good bye."

—Doris Kester.

Senior Class Poem

This day is the day we have worked for,
Four years of hard study is done,
Now soon we will fade from the picture
But the goal we have sought is now won.

At first we seemed lost in the darkness,
Our goal was not yet in sight,
But the plan of our course never wavered,
And we knew that our work must be right.

As now we look back over school days,
With memories cherished so dear
May we only remember the good things,
And forget all of those that were drear.

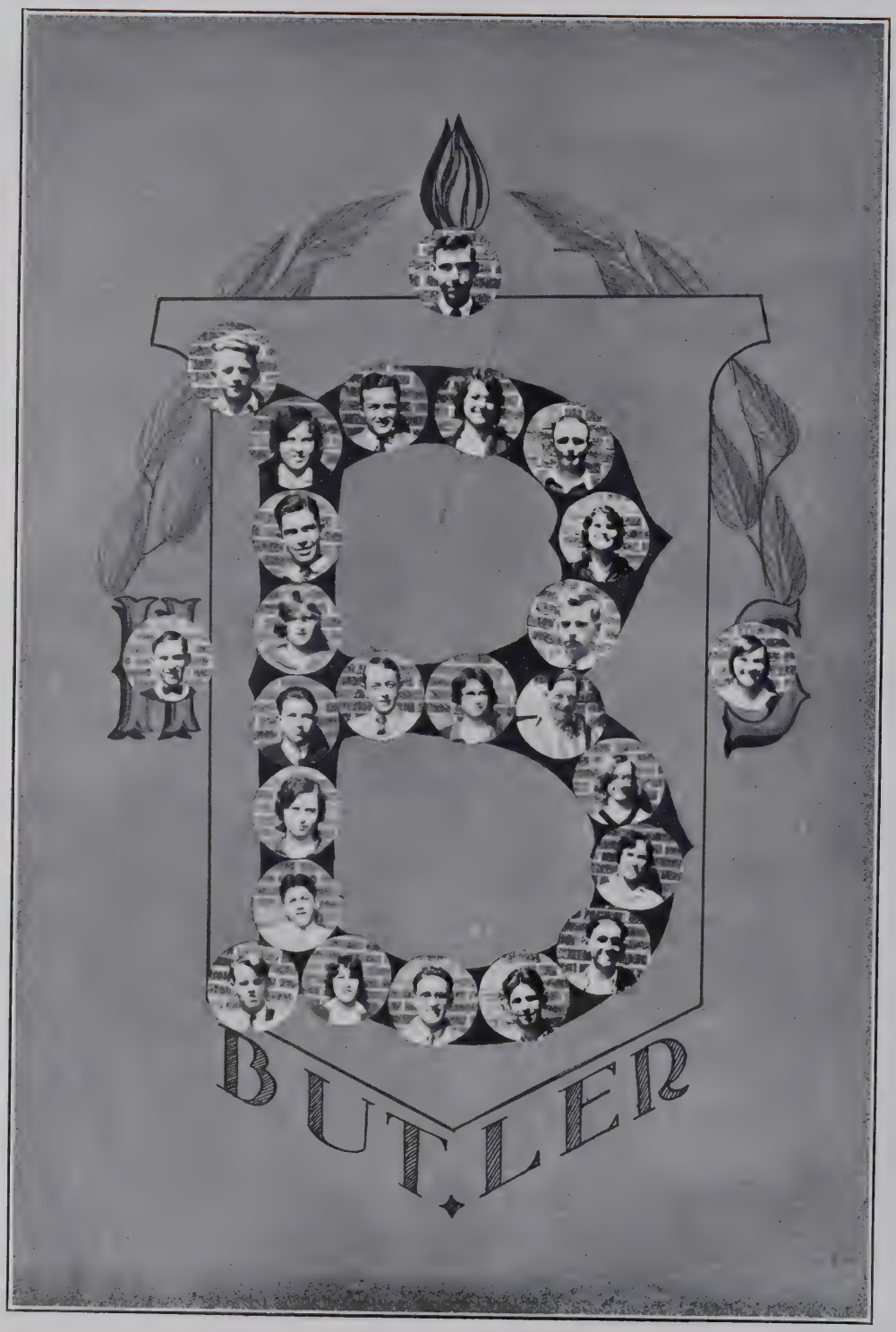
Our class has encountered some hardships,
Discouragements came in our way,
But we shouldered our burdens undaunted,
And worked with a will every day.

Who knows what the future holds for us,
Thus far time has favored us well,
From now on our paths will be different,
Will they lead to success? Time will tell.

We have climbed though the rocks have been rugged
Our goal has been reached now, at last,
We will strive to go forward and upward,
Nor stop with the goal we have grasped.

We have only arrived at the threshold
Opportunities doors open still
There are goals all along in life's pathway,
If we purpose to conquer, we will!

—Robert Bevington.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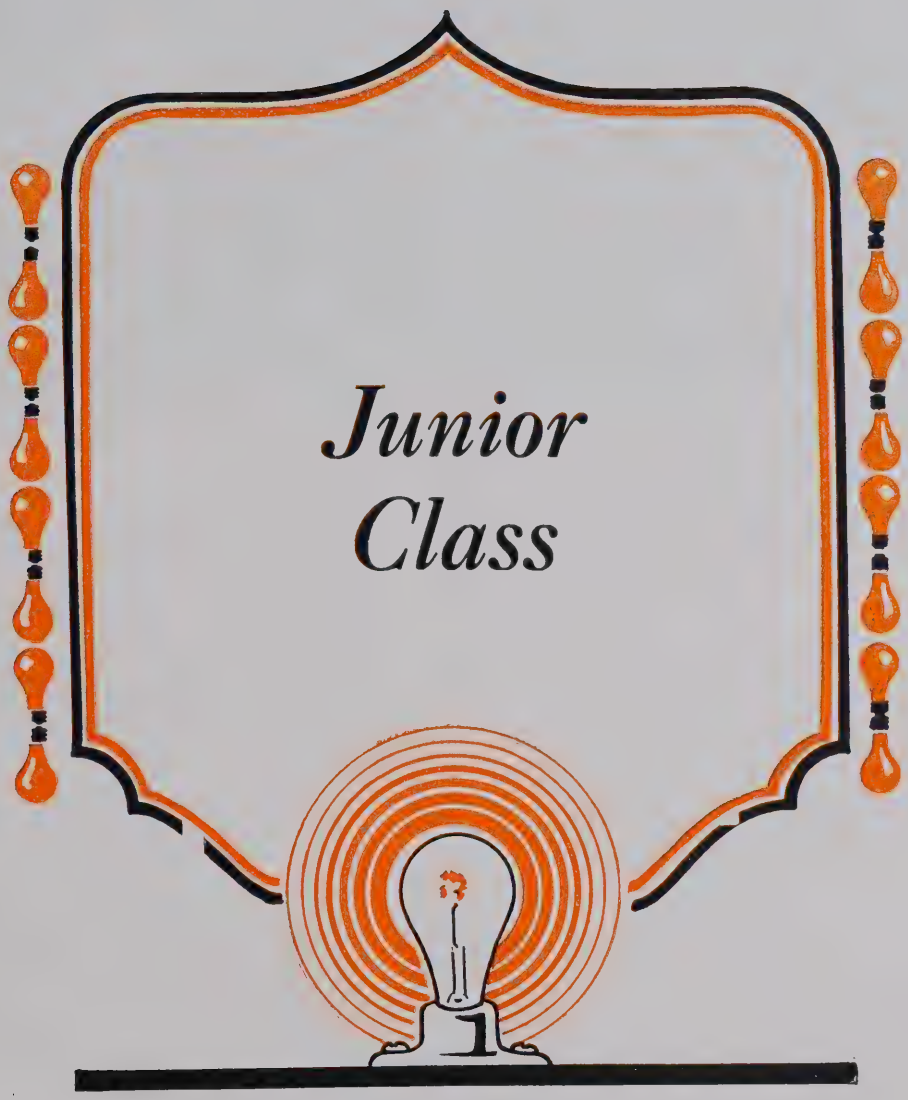

Junior
Class

Back Row—W. Loomis, K. Cather, H. Spake, F. Berryhill, D. Blaker, R. Miller, A. Fisher, J. Cather, W. Dever.
Second Row—H. Waffle, D. Campbell, K. Creager, S. Sewell, C. Nelson, M. Hatfield, E. Snyder, R. Mutzfeld, A. Jennings, C. Rosenberry, C. Metcalf.
Front Row—O. White, M. Bonecutter, M. Lowe, M. Powers, M. Grube, W. Smith, J. Shaffer, H. Casebere, H. Holman, B. Jenks.

Junior Class History

IN SEPTEMBER 1927, the class of '31 began their career in B. H. S. We were well represented in scholarship and athletics. Helen Holman was chosen leader.

We returned to dear old B. H. S. on September 8 of the following year as "Sophs". For the year ahead of us we elected Dorothy Campbell, President, and Miss Gastineau, Faculty Advisor. We selected our rings this year and everyone was heartily pleased with them.

The following September found our class enrolled as "upper classmen". At the helm was placed Walter Smith with Miss Davis as Faculty Advisor.

The Junior play, "Cyclone Sally" was presented in April with great success.

Our hope and aim is that we may carry out our motto as successfully next year as we have this year.

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Walter Smith
Vice President	Joseph Cather
Secretary-Historian	Josephine Shaffer
Treasurer	Madeline Grube
Class Flower	Lily-of-the-Valley
Class Colors	Blue and Silver
Class Motto	"Work Conquers All"

Sophomore Class

Back Row—H. Walters, R. Moughler, L. Dickerhoof, W. Durst, R. Bevington, H. Molitor, G. Deck, C. Bryant, C. Weicht, H. Casebere.
Second Row—O. Huntington, M. Blaker, K. Olds, V. Hose, C. Johnson, M. Hesley, M. Ratts, V. Michael, K. Noragon, L. Lowe, L. Graf.
Front Row—J. Coll, H. White, M. Hinshaw, G. Ginder, E. Aldrich, D. Moore, C. Ulm, L. Bungard, G. Easterday, H. Bonecutter, B. Ellis.

Sophomore Class History

THE CLASS of '32 began its career in Butler High, September 1928, with an enrollment of forty-three. Vera Michael was chosen class president with Miss Chapman as sponsor. The social events were: a Hallowe'en party in the gymnasium and a skating party at the lake.

This year thirty-six members of the class came back to renew their journey for knowledge. Dale Moore was chosen class president and Mr. Moore sponsor. The one social event of this year was a "hard times" party held in the gymnasium. Everyone came dressed in his oldest clothes and certainly all acted in keeping with the party.

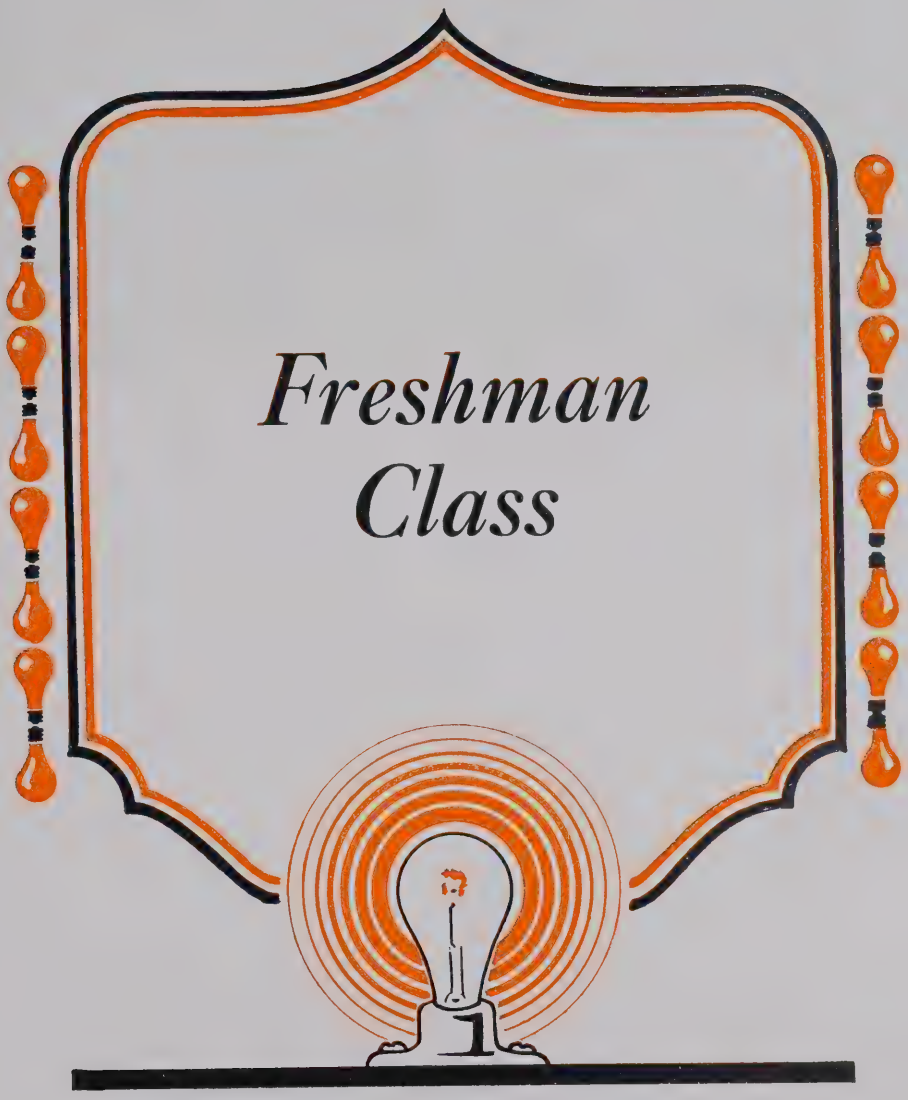
The class was well represented in the Music-Literary Contest and in the Latin Contest.

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Dale Moore
Vice President	Emerson Aldrich
Secretary	Clare Ulm
Treasurer	Helen White
Historian	Vera Michael
Sergeant-at-Arms	Harold Molitor

CLASS FLOWER—American Beauty Rose.
CLASS COLORS—Rose and Silver.
CLASS MOTTO—"Onward Ever, Failing Never."

Freshman Class



Back Row (Left to Right)—E. Loomis, F. Walters, J. Culbertson, R. Blume, E. Campbell, H. Rosenberry, L. Wise, R. King, E. Riser, K. Enzor, W. Ordway, D. Dickerhoff, T. Imhoff, R. Holton, F. Doan, R. Preston, P. Camp.
Center Row (Left to Right)—D. Brant, J. Brown, D. Ridge, W. Fifer, V. Hodges, R. Johnson, A. Graham, R. Kester, G. Hatfield, L. Myers, C. Knox, L. Palmerton, M. Tomlinson, E. Campbell, B. Seaman.
Front Row (Left to Right)—R. Casebere, F. Bryant, H. Hallet, I. Brown, H. Kepler, M. Lynn, K. Holman, L. Miller, A. Lyons, E. Smith, I. Cather, F. Miller, O. Klinkel, A. Platt, A. Campbell, A. Alwood.

Freshman Class History

THE FRESHMEN of 1929 and 1930 entered Butler High School with an enrollment of fifty. Under the guidance of Miss Smith and Mr. Ferguson, we were organized and the following officers elected:

President - - - -	Loren Miller
Vice President - - -	Arthur Lyons
Secretary-Treasurer - -	Kathryn Holman
Sergeant-at-Arms - -	Robert Preston

Our first social gathering was a Halowe'en party held in the gymnasium. Many interesting games were played and then delicious refreshments were served. Everyone had an enjoyable evening.

The Freshmen were well represented in Athletics this year.

CLASS FLOWER—Lily
CLASS COLOR—Blue and White
CLASS MOTTO—"Be Square"

Junior High School

Back Row—M. J. Maggert, E. Jenks, N. Bowman, R. Alwood, M. Krontz, H. Boyd, E. Capp, A. Spangler, S. Kennedy, A. Haggerty, A. Rex, H. Scot, E. Krontz, M. McClosky, C. Oberlin, O. Graf, J. Hoffer, R. Renner, R. Moughler, C. Larowe, H. Snyder.

Third Row—J. Culbertson, M. Doan, R. McCloskey, E. Richards ,B. Sindel, M. Riser, L. Fuller, E. Tyson, J. French, E. Alwood, J. Blaine, P. Myers, M. E. Steele, D. McCann, W. May, M. Bevington, T. Ash, L. Darby, D. D. Everetts, G. Holton, S. Rex, R. Ulm, G. Snyder, R. Higley, M. L. Campbell, O. Silberg, H. Garbric, B. Oberlin.

Second Row—O. Kepler, W. Maggert, E. Blume, P. Graham, N. Johnson, W. Fuller, J. Molitor, M. Freeburn, A. Rank, R. Campbell, E. Showalter, L. Deck, C. Parker, W. Gruver, D. Cobb, D. Long, E. Sindel, W. Eck.

Front Row—H. Signs, P. A. Hallet, E. Moughler, L. Rohn, S. Krontz, W. Cather, R. Oberlin, L. Cobb, R. Campbell, R. Farnham, I. Bender, T. Preston, R. Bercaw, J. Aldrich, J. Myers, M. Jones, R. Snyder, B. Steffe, G. Blaine, B. White.

Junior High School

THE ENROLLMENT of the Junior High this year was ninety-five, the largest in the history of the school. Mr. Warring, the principal, taught history, manual training, and general science. This was a new subject and the eighth grade was very much interested in it. Miss Laura Smith taught arithmetic, geography, and penmanship. This was her sixth year here. At the end of the first semester she resigned to accept a position in Fort Wayne. Miss Aileen Case, from Pleasant Lake, came to take her place. Miss Floy Ulm taught English, reading, home economics, and physical education.

The greatest event of the year was the presentation of the Japanese operetta, "Toy Toy San". Nearly fifty pupils took part in it.

Activities

Back Row—B. Ulm, G. Chapman, D. Kester, V. Kline, H. Cook, D. Wagner, R. Gehring.
Front Row—J. Alwood, E. Beebe, B. Rex, R. Bryant.

Tropaeum Staff

SHORTLY after the beginning of the second semester the Tropaeum staff of 1930 assembled for their first meeting. We did not realize then what a great task we had before us, but after we were started it seemed almost an impossibility. However, with the aid of Miss Parker and Mr. French, we were determined to make good, and each member responded faithfully whenever called upon to contribute to his part. Each year the Tropaeum has surpassed the one of the year before and we hope that ours will be no exception. With the cooperation of the teachers, fellow pupils and members of the staff, our Tropaeum, the result of our best efforts which we hope will be pleasing to all, at last goes to the press.

The staff wishes to thank all those who have assisted in any way in making this book what it is.

Editors-in-Chief
RAGNA BRYANT
ROBERT GEHRING

Business Managers
ELMER BEEBE
BLAINE REX

Circulation Manager
JAMES ALWOOD

Art Editor
VIVIAN KLINE

Joke Editor
HELEN COOK

Calendar Editor
DOROTHY WAGNER

Athletic Editor
BUREN ULM

Alumni Editor
GENEVIEVE CHAPMAN

Back Row—J. Alwood, E. Aldrich, A. Brown, R. Miller, R. Bevington, W. Smith, B. Stuller, A. Fisher.
Fourth Row—J. Cather, R. Hollinger, L. Johnson, F. Berryhill, H. Spake, D. Moore, A. Holman, L. Tyson, D. Blaker, H. Molitor, N. Dever.
Third Row—L. Lowe, K. Creager H. Holman, J. Shaffer, V. Michael, S. Sewell, V. Kline, R. Mutzfeld, M. Ratts, G. Johnson, L. Bungard, B. Stuller.
Second Row—L. Graff, H. Casebere, H. Waffle, M. Powers, K. Noragon, B. Ulm, Mr. Poffenberger, O. White, H. White, K. Olds, D. Kester, J. Coll.
Front Row—B. Rex, C. Ulm, W. Dever, K. Cather, D. Hamman, D. Keefer, E. Beebe, L. Ash.

Science Club

THE Galileo Science Club was organized three years ago by a group of the upper classmen under the direction of Mr. Wooden and Mr. Goodrich. Each year the membership of the organization has increased, and more students have taken an interest in the meetings.

At the beginning of the 1929-30 school year with Mr. Poffenberger as sponsor the officers were elected. Buren Ulm was chosen president; Blaine Rex, vice president, and Vivian Kline, secretary-treasurer. Meetings have been held every two weeks on Tuesday evenings. Scientific discussions and experiments have been carried on which have proved very interesting to all who attended.

It is evident that the club will grow in membership and importance in our High School in future years.

Standing—R. Hollinger, L. Johnson, W. Smith, J. Cather, L. Tyson, J. Alwood, B. Ulm, A. Holman, H. Spake, A. Brown, A. Fisher, D. Hamman, B. Stuller, L. Dickerhoff, R. Bevington.
Sitting—K. Cather, C. Ulm, D. Blaker, B. Rex, Mr. Moore, N. Dever, E. Beebe, L. Ash.

Hi-Y Club

THE HI-Y Club of Butler High School was active again this year and tried to live up to its motto which is to create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community a higher standard of Christian living. The sponsor of the club was Charles F. Moore, who aided throughout the year in all of our achievements.

The club sponsored a Father and Son Banquet again this year and sixty-one were present. On April 8th a large percent of the members attended an Older Boys' Conference at Waterloo.

Officers:

President - - - -	Blaine Rex
Vice President - - -	Donald Keefer
Secretary-Treasurer - -	David Blaker
Sargeant-at-Arms - -	Nelson Dever

Back Row—H. Holman, K. Noragon, K. Creager, J. Shaffer, D. Kester, D. Wagner, G. Ginder, H. Turner, K. Olds, V. Michael.
Second Row—M. Ratts, M. Hesley, C. Nelson, M. Hatfield, A. Jennings, R. Mutzfeld, S. Sewell, M. Grube, V. Kline, G. Johnson, B. Stuller, G. Chapman, L. Lowe, O. Huntington, V. Hose.
Front Row—B. Jenks, L. Graf, D. Campbell, M. Bonecutter, J. Coll, M. Powers, H. Waffle, H. Casebere, Miss Parker, H. White, D. Fee, H. Bonecutter, M. Casebere, H. Cook, M. Hinshaw, K. Johnson.

Girl Reserves

THE Blue Triangle is an old organization of Butler High School. It is a member of "The National Girl Reserves." At the beginning of this year, 1929-30 the Girl Reserves, under the supervision of Miss Parker stated they were going to make this year the most successful. In October the meetings began and Wednesday of every fortnight was set aside for the meetings. The lessons and leaders were selected by the program committee .

The club restricted the membership this year. Freshmen were not allowed to belong and a vote was taken on a person who wished to join.

The officers and members, including Miss Parker, have tried to make this year successful. The girls have shown good sportsmanship and the year closes with one regret and that is, next year the Girl Reserves will lose some old and reliable members.

The officers of the year 1929-30:

President	Vivian Kline
Vice President	Genevieve Chapman
Secretary	Sarah Sewell
Treasurer	Christina Nelson
Program Chairman	Ruth Mutzfeld
Social Chairman	Dorothy Campbell

Back Row—W. Dever, C. Bryant, R. Bevington, A. Brown, B. Ulm, A. Lyon.
Second Row—R. Blume, L. Wise, E. Campbell, L. Tyson, M. Lowe, J. Alwood, E. Aldrich, W. Smith, D. Keefer, D. Blaker.
Front Row—C. Ulm, C. Metcalf, H. Molitor, B. Rex, L. Ash, Miss Smith, D. Kester, E. Beebe, W. Loomis, F. Berryhill, R. Hollinger.

Boys' Glee Club

THE Glee Club organized and elected the first officers the first of the year. We can truthfully say that the time spent during the glee club period has not been wasted, although at times we were a bit too peppy. We have sung in chapel and we furnished the male parts for the operetta, double quartette, chorus and the Joy Boys. We wish to express our appreciation to Miss Smith and Doris Kester for their assistance. The officers are:

President - - - -	Buren Ulm
Secretary - - - -	Blaine Rex
Librarian - - - -	David Blaker

Back Row—B. Seaman, W. Fifer, O. Klinkle, K. Holman, V. Hodges, C. Knox, E. Campbell, B. Jenks, M. Tomlinson.
Second Row—L. Palmerton, K. Noragon, L. Graf, H. Waffle, J. Brown, K. Creager, J. Shaffer, V. Michael, S. Sewell, G. Chapman, M. Blaker, A. Graham, E. Snyder.
Front Row—A. Campbell, H. Hallet, M. Powers, I. W. Brown, H. Casebere, Miss Smith, D. Kester, K. Olds, D. Brant, A. M. Platt, M. Linn, J. Coll.

Girls' Glee Club

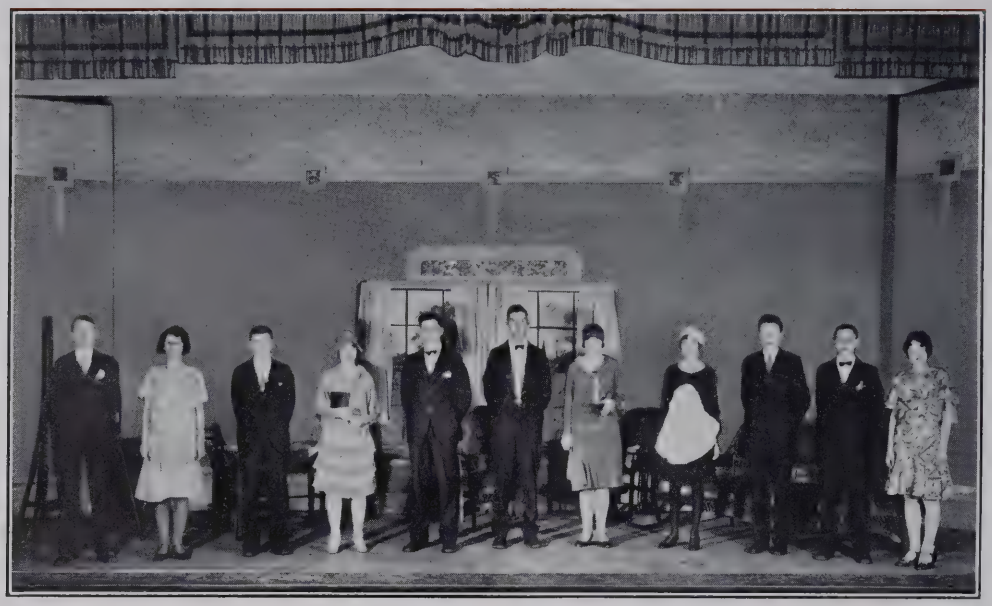
THE GIRLS of B. H. S., under the direction of the Music Instructor, Miss Smith, formed a glee club twice the size of other glee clubs of previous years. The organization started the year by electing officers which are as follows:

President - - -	Genevieve Chapman
Secretary-Treasurer - - -	Jessie Coll
Librarian and Pianist - -	Doris Kester
Instructor - - - -	Kathryn Smith

The Glee Club first sang in public on the nights of the Senior Play. An operetta was given by both the girls' and boys' glee clubs later, giving Butler opportunity to boast of musical talent contained in the High School.

Three girls, Kathryn Noragon, Genevieve Chapman and Jessie Coll, all members of the Glee Club, participated in the Music-Literary Contest held here in Butler. Kathryn Noragon won the local contest.

After having an enjoyable and profitable year, the Butler High School Glee Club is anticipating a party which will close the year. Some of the members will leave this year, but an equally as good glee club is expected for the following year.



E. Beebe, D. Kester, R. Gehring, D. Wagner, B. Ulm, J. Alwood, G. Johnson, R. Bryant, R. Bevington, B. Rex, H. Cook.

Senior Class Play

"ESMERALDA," an intensely interesting and romantic comedy-drama, was presented by members of the senior class on November 19 and 20. It was greeted by a full house both evenings and proved a great success.

Under the direction of Miss Parker and Mrs. Charles Moore the players gave a creditable portrayal of the various characters.

The opening scene was laid in North Carolina in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, played by James Alwood and Gertrude Johnson. Dorothy Wagner as Esmeralda, their daughter, was deeply in love with Dave Hardy (Buren Ulm) of whom Mrs. Rogers was greatly opposed.

An opportunity came to sell the small farm on which they lived to George Drew (Robert Bevington).

Under the impression that they were rich, Mrs. Rogers took her husband and daughter to Paris where they met Mr. Estabrook (Blaine Rex), Jack Desmond (Elmer Beebe), Nora Desmond (Helen Cook), Kate Desmond (Doris Kester) and Sophia (Ragna Bryant).

Mrs. Rogers became greatly infatuated with the Marquis de Montessin (Robert Gehring) and was determined that Esmeralda should marry him.

Elmer Beebe, Helen Cook, Doris Kester, Blaine Rex, James Alwood.

In the meantime Dave Hardy, broken-hearted over Esmeralda's departure, secretly followed her, and was nearly starving in Paris. Mr. Estabrook followed him and took him to the Rogers. There through a letter it was learned that iron ore had been found on Dave's farm and he had become rich.

Mrs. Rogers, finally reconciled to Dave, gave in and Esmeralda and her lover were once more together.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Esmeralda	Dorothy Wagner
Dave Hardy	Buren Ulm
Mr. Rogers	James Alwood
Mrs. Rogers	Gertrude Johnson
Mr. Estabrook	Blaine Rex
Jack Desmond	Elmer Beebe
Nora Desmond	Helen Cook
Kate Desmond	Doris Kester
George Drew	Robert Bevington
Marquis de Montessin	Robert Gehring
Sophia	Ragna Bryant

Christina Nelson, Helen Casebere, Dorothy Campbell, Dean Weicht, Marcella Powers, Harmon Spake, Madeline Grube, Wallace Dever, Argus Fisher.

Junior Class Play

THE GREATEST "Cyclone" that was ever experienced in Butler was presented by the Junior class, April 3 and 4.

Jack Webster, a bankrupt millionaire visits the Webster estate for the purpose of marrying Sue Bascom for her money, and finding a cabbage patch in front of his estate confronts Cyclone Sally, owner of the cabbage patch. Cyclone Sally decides to masquerade as Sue Bascom, who has gone to Chicago, and teach the Webster chap a lesson. Willie Clump, a lover of Sue's, furnishes laughter throughout the play and Effie Warden, the cute neighbor girl adds to the plot.

Vivian Vernon makes her play work famous by her ability to snob the lower class. Jim Jerkins anl Jenny Thatcher, caretakers of the estate, add humor to the play with their forty year old love affair. Reggie Manners a perfect Englishman, falls in love with Ruth Thatcher.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jack Webster - - -	Harmon Spake
Reggie Manners - - -	Argus Fisher
Jim Jerkins - - - -	Dean Weicht
Willie Clump - - -	Wallace Dever
Cyclone Sally - - -	Marcella Powers
Jenny Thatcher - -	Dorothy Campbell
Ruth Thatcher - - -	Madeline Grube
Effie Varden - - -	Christina Nelson
Vivian Vernon - - -	Helen Casebere
Director - - - -	Mrs. Julia Cooper

Operetta

MRS. MANNING, a rather imposing widow, who believes in dreams and superstitions, is spending a summer with her two daughters at Sunset Lodge, a summer hotel. Outraged because Marie is in love with a poor but promising young lawyer, Jerry Higgins, she decides to leave the hotel.

Jerry evolves the idea of inventing a dream which will promise to good luck and induce Mrs. Manning to stay. Mrs. Manning stays because the dream promises wealthy husbands for June and Marie and the recovery of a long lost document.

Mr. Mathew Brandon, an old sweetheart of Mrs. Manning, arrives at the scene with his handsome young nephew who has fallen in love with June, at the home of her aunt the preceeding summer.

Mrs. Manning has a grudge against absent minded Mathew refuses to be associated with him, forbidding June to see his nephew also.

Meanwhile, Sampson, the bell-boy has fallen in love with Malindy, his colored inspiration. Malindy is very cold and hard-hearted, but she finally is swayed over by jealousy.

CAST

Mrs. Horace Manning -	Kathleen Creager
June - - - -	Genevieve Chapman
Marie - - - -	Kathryn Noragon
Mr. Mathew Grandon -	Raymond Bevington
Philip, nephew of Grandon -	David Wayne Blaker
Jerry Higgins - - -	Walter Smith
Malindy - - - -	Jessie Coll
Sampson Bonaparte - - -	Blaine Rex

MUSIC-LITERARY CONTEST

BUTLER was well represented in the County Literary-Music Contest this year. On March twelfth the local contest was held in the auditorium of the High School. There were four entries in the piano solo event. The four contestants were Marguerite Blaker, Edward Campbell, Martha Hatfield and Christina Nelson. In the reading event Kathleen Creager, Jessie Coll and Vera Michael were entered. There were four entries in the vocal solo, also, Jessie Coll, Genevieve Chapman, Buren Ulm and Kathryn Noragon. First places were awarded to Christina Nelson, Vera Michael and Kathryn Noragon.

On March twenty-first the first County Contest was held at Auburn in the Methodist church. Our vocal solo, mixed chorus and discussion entrants represented Butler High School in this contest. Vivian Kline, who very ably gave the discussion was awarded second place, being defeated by only one point.

The following week the second contest was held in which the piano solo, reading, and double quartette were entered. The double quartette was given third place.

All the entrants in the various events made a very good effort and the outlook for winning future contests is promising.

AWARDS

THIS year, as in previous years, scholarship pins will be awarded to high school students having high scholarship records. Bronze "B's" will be given to Freshmen, Silver "B's" to the Sophomores, Gold "B's" to the Juniors and gold guards to the Seniors. This year individual awards will also be given in first and second places to students in contests sponsored by the school, to the Presidents of the organizations sponsored by the school, and to those students who have had perfect attendance for the year.

The students receiving awards for attendance are Ragna Bryant '30, Sarah Sewell '31, Clela Rosenberry '31, Alice Jennings '31, Walter Smith '31, Evelyn Smith '33, Fern Bryant '33, and Maxine Linn '33.

The presidents of organizations receiving awards are Blaine Rex, President of Hi-Y '30. Vivian Kline, President of the Girl Reserves '30, and Don Hammon, Patrol Leader of Boy Scouts '31.

The students receiving awards in first and second places in contests sponsored by the school are as follows: Fern Bryant and Roe Blume—Latin I Contest; Myron Lowe and Madeline Grube—Chemistry Thesis Contest; Dale Moore and Laura Bungard—Latin II Contest; Christina Nelson and Martha Hatfield—Piano solo; Kathryn Noragon and Buren Ulm—Vocal solo; Vivian Kline—Oratorical contest; Vera Michael and Kathleen Creager—Dramatic Art.

OFFICE GIRL

Kathryn Gehring has been the office girl for several years and is very efficient. Although she has plenty to do she never complains and is always ready to greet every one with a smile. She is of great importance to the school and we know that as long as she is in the office things will be done right.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

THE ANNUAL Junior-Senior Banquet, given by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors, was held May 16, 1930, at Ft. Wayne.

The candle light gleaming on balloons of many colors and baskets of flowers, transformed the room into an enchanted garden. The tables, decorated with lights, hangers, aeroplanes and aviators, represented miniature flying fields. The place cards and nut cups were aeroplanes of blue and buff. Favors representing aeroplanes were passed by Marjory Long and Evelyn Blume who were dressed in aviation suits.

Ora Blaker entertained with several musical numbers between courses of the delicious dinner. Following the dinner toasts, carrying out the aeroplane idea, were given by Walter Smith, Junior Class President; James Alwood, President of Senior Class; Mr. Price, Mr. French, Elmer Beebe, Mr. Moore and David Blaker, with John Poffenburger acting as toastmaster.

All agreed it was a lovely banquet.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE

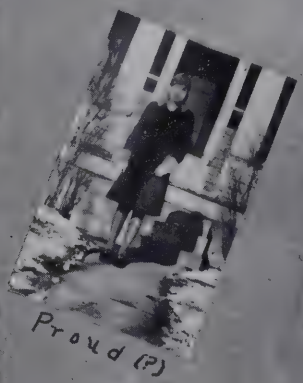
AT THE Farmers' Institute held in the auditorium of the High School, February 24th and 25th, there was a large display of farm products, baked goods, and art work. Programs were given Monday evening and all day Tuesday. Luncheon was served Tuesday noon by Mrs. Cooper's Dietetics class. There was no school Tuesday, but all students were required to attend the Institute. Prizes were presented by the business men of Butler to those showing the best products.

SCHOOL EXHIBIT

EVERY department from the primary to the Senior class was well represented in the Butler school exhibit which was presented from May 12th to the 16th. The work of each class was displayed in their respective rooms. Parents were invited to attend the exhibit and also to visit the various classes during recitation periods.

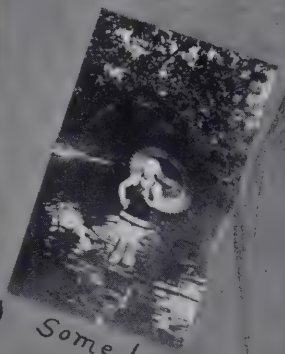
"Cookie"

Happy Days


Proud (?)

Near Heaven(?)

Ride 'em cowboy


Some Legs

School Kids

Home Run

Tough Luck

Athletics

COACH FERGUSON

MANAGER BROWN

MANAGER REX

COACH Ferguson has succeeded in placing a better Basket Ball team in the field this year and at the same time he has won the respect of all the fans and the fellows on the team. He introduced the Wisconsin pass which was worked to a high degree of accuracy and which helped to increase our scores considerably. We feel that he has been and will continue to be a great success in this work.

The business managers were appointed by the coach. Rex and Brown had charge of all the Basket Ball and Baseball equipment. Either one or the other was official score keeper at all games. They were one of the main assets of the squad.

Sitting—E. Beebe, L. Tyson, W. Loomis, L. Ash.
Standing—Coach Ferguson, D. Keefer, D. Blaker, J. Alwood, B. Ulm, W. Smith, A. Brown, Manager.

Basketball Season 1929-1930

AT THE beginning of the season, Coach Ferguson faced the problem of creating a team from new and inexperienced material. They were confronted with a difficult schedule, but they played with a determination to equal the record of the previous year.

The practices began in October, and a large number of candidates loyally responded. With only two of the last year's squad, prospects were not very favorable, but soon some of the '28-'29 reserves proved their worth and were given a place on the team.

Coach Ferguson worked hard with his team and by his patience and knowledge of the science of basketball, he developed a fast hard-fighting team.

The annual County Tourney was held at Waterloo on January 18. Our first opponents were Auburn, whom we readily defeated by a score of 26-17. In the afternoon we met Spencerville whom we sent to the dressing room with a 20-18 defeat. In the finals Garrett completely lost us and we were defeated by a score of 25-8.

The Sectional Tourney was held at Garrett. Here we gave Auburn a real game, but they defeated us by a two-point lead, 16-14.

Basketball Team

CAPTAIN DONALD KEEFER

"Joe" was the only Senior that has played four years for Butler High, and we surely believe that he deserves great honor for his work. We have to hand it to him for his fighting spirit and the sportsmanship he has carried with it. Although Joe had tough luck in the tourney, we have to say that he proved to be a real guard just the same.

JAMES ALWOOD

"Jim" was also a hard-fighter and he, too, proved his worth at the guard position. Jim was a shark on long shots and often broke for one under the basket. He surely made it uncomfortable for the opposition.

ELMER BEEBE

"Tuggle" was small, but he made up for it in points. He was a very good all around and made it hard for opponents to keep track of him. Elmer's favorite position was forward and he surely deserves it.

LLOYD ASH

When it came to the place where hard fight was what counted to win the game, Scully was right there with the goods. He was an excellent guard and also a very good shot. Lloyd deserves much credit.

BUREN ULM

Although "Uly" was not the largest man on the team he managed to get the tip-off more than his share of the time. He scored most of his points on long shots. Although he had tough luck on some passes he tried hard and so we will overlook it.

DAVID BLAKER

"Dave" was our star forward. Although he was small he made up for it in speed and real fight. He was high point man on the team. He will also be back again next year to help fight the many battles of the team.

DEAN WEICHT

"Wick" was the man who came out with the ball when it was needed. He stayed at home when the picture was taken and so he was left out. He sank the "leather" quite frequently. He will be back again next year.

WALTER SMITH

"Smitty" was also one of the fellows who deserves much credit as a basket maker. He was a very good guard and he gave the opponents a lot of real competition. He too has signed up again for next year.

LEO TYSON

"Ty" is a perfect example of his brother when it comes to the test of fighting spirit backed with a broad smile. He was always on the go, and did much good work in getting the ball. Leo graduated this year, and we wish him future success.

WARREN LOOMIS

"Stub" is right there when it comes to going down the side of the floor for another basket. He sure ought to make it hot for the opponents of the next year's team.

Among those who deserve honorable mention are: Floyd Berryhill, Raymond Bevington, and Joseph Cather, who should give the regulars a run for a position on the next year's team.

BASKETBALL SCORES

Edgerton	21	B. H. S.	47	
St. Joe	14	B. H. S.	34	
Auburn	33	B. H. S.	17	
Salem	23	B. H. S.	42	
Hamilton	26	B. H. S.	37	
P. Lake	11	B. H. S.	100	
Garrett	39	B. H. S.	29	
Col. City	30	B. H. S.	31	
Ligonier	18	B. H. S.	47	
Cen. Catholic	34	B. H. S.	20	
Auburn	17	B. H. S.	26	(Tourney)
Spencerville	18	B. H. S.	20	(Tourney)
Garrett	25	B. H. S.	8	(Tourney)
Waterloo	24	B. H. S.	35	
Ashley	22	B. H. S.	42	
Albion	21	B. H. S.	18	
Spencerville	27	B. H. S.	31	
LaGrange	34	B. H. S.	30	
Angola	39	B. H. S.	11	
Augurn	16	B. H. S.	14	(Sect. Tourney)
Total	492	Total	639	

Sitting—D. Dickerhoff, E. Aldrich, H. Molitor, R. Bevington, J. Culbertson, R. Bevington, C. Bryant.
Standing—Sponsor Poffenberger, L. Dickerhoff, G. Deck, F. Berryhill, R. Miller, W. Durst, B. Stuller.

The Reserves

THE Reserves have a very good record this year. They were a hard-fighting team and always good sports even when the score was against them. Their record is as follows.

Edgerton	13	B. H. S.	11
St. Joe	10	B. H. S.	16
Hamilton	13	B. H. S.	14
Garrett	17	B. H. S.	13
Col. City	40	B. H. S.	27
Waterloo	19	B. H. S.	32
Ligonier	19	B. H. S.	23
Ashley	3	B. H. S.	12
Albion	6	B. H. S.	5
La Grange	13	B. H. S.	22
Angola	18	B. H. S.	12
Total	171	Total	187

The Butler Medal

THE IDEA of giving a medal for good sportsmanship in basketball was originated several years ago. The points to be considered are: The player's attitude toward opponents, team-mates, coach, officials, teachers, school work and school mates, and a gentleman-like attitude in all public places. Such an award, if truly merited, is a big incentive to learn and practice the correct virtues necessary in making a bigger and better type of a useful citizen. So many of the basketball group have tried hard and are deserving the medal that it is only a matter of choice who shall receive the award.

Recipients of the medal are:

Walter Rank	-	-	'24
Albert Wideman	-	-	'25
Harold Slentz	-	-	'26
Ernest Hiatt	-	-	'27
Frank Parker	-	-	'28
Keith Beebe	-	-	'29
——— ———	-	-	'30

The team and management wish to take this opportunity to thank the Butler Lions Club for the banquet given in honor of the basketball team, March 12, at the Butler Hotel. This banquet certainly was appreciated, and shows a mighty fine spirit toward the School.

We also want to thank the general public for their splendid patronage and fine sportsmanship shown throughout the entire basketball season, and in the way you showed your appreciation by sending the team to the state tournament.

Spring practice for basketball next fall began on Thursday, March 27. There was a goodly number of candidates out and a real team is going to be made from them. This spring practice has never been done before, but it is a very good thing for the fellows who wish to keep in training and also the ones who are new to the game.

Junior High Basketball Team

COACH Warring has been very successful in placing a real Junior High Basketball team on the floor this year. They were a hard-fighting team and also proved to be fine sports. They have a fine record, having won 16 out of 19 games played.

Waterloo	13	Butler	16	
Edgerton	7	Butler	30	
Waterloo	20	Butler	9	
Altona	15	Butler	22	
Auburn	29	Butler	35	(overtime)
Montpelier	9	Butler	27	
Salem	4	Butler	13	
Spencerville	19	Butler	39	
Montpelier	16	Butler	10	
Altona	9	Butler	33	
St. Joe	7	Butler	24	
Auburn	28	Butler	10	
Spencerville	14	Butler	17	(overtime)
Garrett	5	Butler	11	
Garrett	18	Butler	14	
St. Joe	3	Butler	46	
Spencerville	19	Butler	24	(double overtime)
Garrett	14	Butler	17	
Waterloo	18	Butler	16	
Total	267	Total	423	

Literary

"THE QUEST FOR THE GOLDEN URN"

ONCE upon a time there was a group called The Team, whose duty it was to uphold the Athletic Reputation of the school. The state held a great Tournament every year in which the state champion was given a Golden Urn. Now it was the great desire of The Team to go to the Tournament and win it, but first there were many, many difficulties and obstacles to overcome. First the Chief Advisor insisted that they have a very, very short ex-convict haircut, they hated to do this because it was very detrimental to their manly beauty and without the inspiration of the fairer sex they could not play half so well. Then they must by Their Play and Good Sportsmanship win the Sectional Tourney. One cold March Day, The Team, with their Chief Advisor and Loyal Supporters journeyed to a nearby Town for the Show Down.

Here many things confronted them, they drew as their first opponents, old rivals. However, The Team being of an optimistic nature, made light of their trouble and when the Hour of Fate arrived, they won the admiration of the crowd and the Master of Decisions by their clean play and courteousness, and when the Blast of Destiny was sounded the Score was in favor of The Team.

Our Champions then won easily the other three games and amid the shouts of victory they were proclaimed winners of the Section. The following Saturday they must meet the three other Sectional winners at County Seat. The Second Day of Fate came and again by clean and fair play, the Team was victorious. Only two weeks and the Great Day would come when The Team would go to State Capitol for the Final Showdown.

Hopes were held high and every member of The Team knew that the time had come when he must do his best for the School. The first game at State Capitol was won by a very small margin. The next game was even harder to win, and many of the Supporters, who were Quitters by nature, gave up the fight, but The Team pulled through and won again. The next game was the finals. The opponents had been State Champions for two years and The Team knew that they had a big fight ahead of them and their tired bodies would hardly respond. The boy, The Cheat, by name suggested that they bribe the Master of Decisions and thus win the game. The Team was sorely tempted but the Chief Advisor soon over-ruled this suggestion and gave them a severe lecture on "How to Play the Game".

The Team, once more Optimistic and Hopeful, went out on the floor to win. The opponents were not exactly square and attempted to cheat, but the Master of Decisions was Wise and fouled them often. When the Blast of Destiny was sounded for the last time the score was in favor of The Team.

When the Captain was presented the Golden Urn he read the inscription on it:

> "When the One Great Scorer comes to score against your name, He writes, not whether you won or lost, but How you played The Game."

—Kathleen Creager.

"ONLY A MISTAKE"

IT WAS very quiet in the richly furnished livingroom. A pink shaded lamp pushed the shadows back and spilled rose colored pools of light on the darkly polished floor. Although it was rather warm, a fire blazed on the hearth for Larry Mathews loved the fire-light.

As the young chemist gazed at the yellow colored flames, tipped with blue, dancing around the logs a mental picture of his financee, Patsy Lee Craig, stood out clearly in his mind. She was a slender girl with sparkling blue eyes fringed with long velvety lashes and with curly hair which hung in golden ringlets about her face. Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by a sharp peal from the door bell which resounded clearly through the silence.

"See who it is Ebony," he called to the negro servant, his trustful helper. Ebony hurried to the door, and a few moments later was heard to exclaim, "Ma lud, if it ain't Miss Craig herself!"

Larry rose to meet Patsy Lee as she was ushered into the room and his eyes widened in surprise for her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkled with anger, and her head was thrust proudly upward.

His eyes traveled quickly over her trim figure and he gasped with amazement as his gaze fell upon the box which she held toward him. He recognized it. That morning while going to his laboratory he had seen a small polished chest, like the one Patsy Lee had wanted, in a show window of one of the stores and he had purchased it for her. Too busy himself he had asked Ebony to get it ready to take to her. Ebony had taken the chest and some time later had returned with it fully wrapped. After an approving glance from Larry he he had delivered it to her. Now here she was angrily returning it to him. What did it all mean?

Finally the silence was broken by a short snappy remark from Patsy Lee. "Here, Larry, I am sure you have more use for this than I have."

Larry took the box from her hands. "Wh-why Patsy Lee," he managed to stammer, "What is the matter?"

"Plenty's the matter," was the snappy reply, and then haughtily, "Since when have you began to give such presents as that?"

Larry stared first at her and then at the box. Finally moved to action he began to unwrap the box which had become a mystery to him. Removing the last covering he fell back with surprise, for on the box in large red letters were these words, "DYNAMITE, HANDLE WITH CARE".

"Ebony, come here," he called to the servant, and upon his hasty entrance, asked, "What is the meaning of this?"

Ebony stood for a short time blinking his eyes unbelievable and finally replied as he leaned closer, "I guess I done got it in de wrong box."

Larry removed the lid. Now it was Patsy Lee's turn to be surprised for inside lay the long desired chest. She gazed helplessly from one man to the other and finally she stepped toward Larry and said, softly, "Larry, I'm sorry."

Ebony made a hasty retreat and the pink shaded lamp threw its rosy glow over the room and its occupants while the fire flickered cozily on the hearth.

Ragna Bryant.

DARN IT ALL

Gramma come to our house
T'other afternoon
'N she said to ma 'n' me
"Ain't this jest like June?"
Ma says, "Yes, I guess it is.
I'll agree to that.
Please sit down, Granny,
Gimme your coat and hat."

Granny says, "Guess I will
It's purty warm in here"
'N she said, "Tommy (that's me)
How're you, my little dear?"
'N 'en I said, "I ain't no deer,
I'm just a boy named Tommy Jack"
Ma she up 'n cracked me one
'Nsaid, "Don's sass Granny back."

I started in a bawlin'
'N ma said, "Git to bed."
I didn't go up to my room,
I went out doors instead.
I slipped into the woodshed
'N got my ball 'n bat
'N I was so excited,
I jest fergot my hat.

'N we played a game of ball.
I rounded up the fellers
There's Dick, 'n Bill, 'n Harry
'N Fred, 'n Ned, 'n Paul.
We played the game of baseball
In the customary way.
'N en Dick he up 'n hollered
'N said let's call it a day.

Us kids we all agreed,
'N I beat it straight for home.
Cause if ma knew I fooled her,
She'd crack me on the dome,
I slipped in the back way,
'N boy! I cracked my shin.
'N 'en ma hollered, "Tommy,
Now jest where've you been?"

'N 'en I said "Don't git mad, ma,
I been playin' ball, see?
You don't need to get angry, ma
This's tween you 'n me."
Says ma to me, "I know it is.
So you've been playin' ball?"
Well, Granny 'n I, we had ice cream,
'N I said, "DARN IT ALL!"

—Dale Moore.

THE WERWULF OF WINDSOR HALL

LANGDON'S first impression of Windsor Hall was not a very cheerful one. Grim and silent, it towered in its isolated location. From a distance it looked like the ordinary farm house, but as he approached it this common likeness wore off and it took on an individual air of its own. Dark and sinister, its heights loomed in the midst of the fir trees which covered the grounds. November days are not the most cheerful and those in 1850 were no exception.

As Langdon dismounted from his horse, the servants appeared, surly and unaccommodating, giving a grunt in reply to his greeting. Marie Voltaire was the housekeeper. Jacques Dupont was the only one who seemed at all likeable. He was tall, lank and weatherbeaten. Plainly of French-Canadian descent. He greeted Langdon with a polite, "Bon jour, monsieur," and offered to lead him to his room.

Across a wide, old-fashioned porch into a dimly lighted hallway, Jacques led Langdon. The house appeared even more gloomy in the interior. On the left side of an adjoining hallway, Langdon could see the dining room. His own room was just a little further down the hall. It contained an old stone fireplace in the one wall, surrounded by old-fashioned heavy chairs, and a book-case. A door stood open at the opposite side of the room and through this Langdon could see his bed, a large canopied affair.

Jacques seemed to be listening and suddenly exclaimed in a loud whisper as though talking to himself, "I knew it."

"Knew what?" demanded Langdon.

Jacques looked at Langdon for a moment and then said quietly, "Monsieur, those who live in this house always die a horrible death. Before they die there comes a warning. Listen!"

Softly at first and then louder and louder on the wind a wild melancholy moaning was borne to Langdon's ears.

"What is it?" whispered Langdon.

Jacques hurriedly crossed himself and then after looking around, whispered, "Monsieur, that th' Loup-garou! C'est le garou!"

He would say nothing more about it so they went to the dining room for the evening meal. It was a gloomy group of people that gathered around the table that night. All of them had heard the warning and they showed their distress plainly. Conversation was limited to the purely necessary. When they had finished eating they retired to their chambers.

Langdon awoke in the morning after an almost sleepless night. He had snatches of dreams about some great beast chasing him. It seemed to gain every instant, and he, himself was losing.

Pierre and Marie were in the kitchen preparing breakfast when Langdon

left his room. Shortly after Marie came and asked him if he had seen Jacques, that he was usually in early riser. Perhaps he was sick.

After a short length of time, Langdon went to Jacques' chamber. He knocked softly. A slight sound came from within and then, nothing but silence. Suddenly, peal after peal of mad laughter echoed and resounded from within the room. It was hideous! Then came a soft pat-pat, as of bare feet running over a bare floor. This ended and the whole house was enveloped in silence.

Pierre came running and together he and Langdon burst in the door. A scene of utter confusion greeted them as they entered the room. Clothes were strewn everywhere and the furniture was upset in wild disorder. On the floor in a welter of blood, lay poor Jacques. His eyes and mouth were wide open and his face was twisted in an awful grimace as if he died while screaming out in horrible fear. Blood still poured from gashes in his throat, which upon examination proved to be the result of sudden contact with great fangs.

They buried Jacques that afternoon, in a rude coffin. No flowers nor slaborate ceremony was prepared. Langdon simply read from the Bible and then the grave was covered. After this crude ceremony each went his way, silently, as those who walk in the presence of the dead.

Langdon returned to his room and sought to relieve the feeling of gloom by reading. When a short time after, he went to ask Pierre if he knew anything about Jacques' murderer he could find no one. A hasty trip to the outlying stables convinced him that he was alone on the estate. The horse and a light driving wagon were gone. A visit to the kitchen was rewarded by finding all the food gone with the exception of a small chunk of bacon. Evidently Pierre and Marie had decided to leave before they followed Jacques.

The days that followed seemed as an endless dream to Langdon. Lack of food and sleep helped to increase his nervous nature till his ear caught the slightest creaks and sounds that were to be heard about the old house, which was even more dismal than ever before. The loneliness preyed on his mind but strangely sharpened his senses. He slept almost none at all, during those dismal days, and his food supply ran low. At last there was only a small scrap of bacon left him. Other than that, there was nothing edible in the entire house.

On the fifth day after Jacques' death, Langdon went to the room where he had originally been assigned to sleep. After some time, due to extreme fatigue and mental distress, he fell asleep. He slept the restless sleep common under great nervous strain. When he awoke, he found himself in a frightful sweat. His mind felt harrassed as though some one had been watching him in that restless sleep. Turning suddenly, he discerned the most horrible face he had ever seen. Long hair was tossed in wild confusion over a large hideous face, seamed with livid scars. It was horrible, unimaginable!

But the thing that added most to the horror of Langdon were his teeth. Two long fangs protruded from either side of the mouth. Wild and changed

as it was, Langdon recognized the face by a portrait that hung in the hallway. Phillip Bennet, an uncle of Langdon's father was the Werwolf of Windsor Hall.

The face disappeared in an instant. Langdon ran to the window but could see nothing in the gathering darkness. Haggard and worn Langdon waited. Waited, he knew not for what reason. Each day he awakened after restless nights. Each night he went to bed after long hours of doing nothing.

At last he was unable to even sleep. He walked the floor day and night, mumbling to himself, meaningless things. One day when it seemed the least shock would make him as mad as Bennet, he seemed to recover from his nervousness. Calmly he loaded an old pistol that had hitherto hung on the wall in his room. Something seemed to whisper in his ear that this coming night would decide everything.

Langdon went to his room shortly after dark and prepared for the night as if he had never felt the pangs of hunger or the strains of sleepless nights. He added a few sticks to the fire and then settled himself in the darkest corner.

Hours passed and still Langdon waited. Occasionally he dozed, and it was when awakening from one of these snatches of sleep, that he first heard it. There came a pat-pat-pat as of bare feet gliding over the floor in an adjoining room. Langdon nervously inspected his pistol and waited. After a few long, silent minutes a slight move on the opposite side of the room attracted his attention. Slowly, but steadily a portion of the bookcase swung silently back.

Something tall and heavy emerged from the shadows and moved slowly towards him. Suddenly Langdon became panic stricken and raised his pistol. Taking good aim he fired at the maniac. It had no effect for it steadily came forward. Langdon picked up a small stool and tried to throw it, but great hairy arms reached out and grappled with Langdon. Wildly they struggled and back and forth across the floor they stumbled. Once a foot stepped on a burning brand and a shower of sparks flew across the room. One alighted on an old coat of Langdon's. It smouldered a moment, and then blazed up, progressing steadily to the ceiling.

Langdon was growing weaker. A great hairy hand gripped him around the throat. Suddenly he stumbled and the grip loosened; immediately he fell heavily to the floor. Things were growing dim before Langdon's eyes when his groping fingers suddenly caught hold of a hard, cold object. He knew it was a knife and with his last bit of strength he plunged it upward under the arm of the thing whose face gleamed so close to his own; after this, oblivion.

Langdon suddenly sat up. The whole room seemed ablaze. Something horrible to look at lay on top of him. He pushed it off and ran. Ran from the room from the house and into the woods. He turned once as he gained the crest of a hill a mile from the house. Windsor Hall was a mass of flames and even as he gazed a shower of sparks flew up and the gloomy walls collapsed into the greedy fire.

—Charles Metcalf.

THE TWO BROTHERS

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers who set out to make their way in the world. One was of a roving disposition and no sooner had he settled down in one place than he would gather up his goods and move to another. From here again he would go and make a new home until he had become an old man and had gained neither friends nor fortune.

The other man remained in one placec all his life and therefore became narrow minded and gained none of the culture that comes from contact with various scenes of life.

Morals: Rolling stone gathers no moss.
A setting hen never grows fat.

—Josephine Shaffer.

MEMORIES

When happy school days are no more,
And we are surrounded with Life's perils;
Let us turn our thoughts to B. H. S.
When we were happy boys and girls.

We see Mr. French, with a smile on his lips,
As he says, "Let me tell you a story",
And Mr. Price, who tells us that if we obey all rules,
We will have little need for worry.

Miss Parker, our English teacher, is here,
Mr. Ferguson who yells, "Friday-Nite!"
And Mr. Poffenberger's keeping seventh period assembly,
Trying to teach us what is right.

We also meet Miss Davis, beg pardon, Mrs. Cooper in the kitchen
Busy preparing good things to eat.
Miss Smith, the music teacher,
And Mr. Moore, who simply "can't be beat."

When at last our dream has ended,
And the years go rolling by,
We can all realize how much we owe,
To our four years spent in Butler High.

It matters not what our occupation may be,
Just do it well and show kindness,
And live our life so folks can say,
That we are worthy of B. H. S.

—V. Hose.

THE FATE OF AH MOHAB

THE GROUP of white-robed horsemen continued their lonely journey across the desert, leaving a trail of dust behind them, and just as the sun sank into its peaceful haven, they reached the tiny Arabian village. The leader issued harsh orders to dismount for the night and then he hastily pulled open a flap of a nearby tent. His eyes fell upon a beautiful little girl sitting in the corner weeping. Nearby sat an old woman gazing upon the child's grief with compassionate eyes.

"What does this mean, Mohada?" he asked, bending his bearded face over the child.

Mohada answered slowly, "Two moons ago, while you were on your mission, a woman came staggering into the village one night leading Benida," here she paused and pointed to the child, then continued, "She had been wandering in the desert for two days and now she is a raving idiot. Go, she is in the next tent."

The bronzed Arab strode out of the tent and into the next. There, muttering to herself, sat a woman, shrunken in form. She immediately fastened her black eyes, like burning coals, upon the Arab, saying, "Ah, Mohab, I have heard of your many cruel deeds and may Allah have mercy on me for coming here, but Fate was my guide. I have not long to live. Remember this, Mohab. if you are not good to my Benida, I shall haunt you for the rest of your days and may your bones bleach in the dry, burning sands of Death Valley."

Ah Mohab shuddered, then recovered himself and raising his hand, struck the woman across the face with his whip, saying, "So you would threaten Ah Mohab?"

The next morning the woman was found dead and Benida was left motherless. Cruel was the treatment of Ah Mohab towards the infant. If in any way he encountered her during the day she received a blow, or a lashing from his whip. One day, Ah Mohab discovered that his whip was missing and accordingly accused Benida of taking it. Even after she had denied it, he ordered her to be tied to the whipping-post and then gave her twenty lashes. The little girl fell to the ground and with her last dying breath beseeched him to release her, but heeding her not, he dealt her another blow until finally death relieved her from the torture. As he turned he heard someone whisper, "And I shall haunt you the rest of your days."

For days following, the spirit of Benida's mother followed him and finally in desperation, he leaped on his horse and fled into the desert. For days and days he wandered in the burning sand until finally one morning his horse fell dead. Ah Mohab was left alone, his supply of water exhausted and in the heart of the desert. On the fourth day he came near Death Valley. The only access to it was by a tree which had fallen across the deep canyon. The now delirious Arab seemed to see, with fever stricken eyes, a spring of water, with date palms growing in luxuriance about it. Mirage! With faltering steps, the crazed Arab made his way across the fallen tree, but nothing did he find except sand. Was it by the hand of fate that after Ah Mohab had crossed it the log fell, down, down, into the enyon?—or was it merely because the log was de-

cayed? It was thus that the one entrance and exit was gone. Ah Mohab sank to the ground, dying. And some where, a woman's voice whispered, "May your bones bleach in the sands of Death Valley." Even as he died a shadowy form bent over him and then slowly floated away.

—Jo Shaffer.

PEACE AFTER STORM

THE FLASHES of lightning grew dimmer and the thunder rumbled faintly in the distance as the storm quickly subsided, leaving a brilliantly hued rainbow spanning the sky. Gradually the colors faded into the azure blue of the heavens. The air was fresh and cool. Little streams of muddy water flowed down the hillsides filling the larger streams to overflowing. Flowers opened their petals and the birds and animals came forth from their shelters. The sun shone brightly turning the rain drops on the grass and trees to sparkling gems, making the earth a fairyland. Thus peace settled over the earth after the storm.

—Fern Bryant.

SUNSET IN THE COUNTRY

THE SUN, a great golden ball, slid slowly downward in the West and gradually disappeared beyond the horizon, leaving the sky a peaceful blue, dotted with golden fringed clouds. Sounds of the woodland animals resounded clearly through the warm evening air. Suddenly the sky burst into a realm of color and light while faintly from the hillside came the tinkle of a distant cowbell. Gradually the brilliant rainbow hues faded, leaving the sky softly tinted with pale rose and yellow, and the clouds melted away. A violet haze seemed to settle slowly drawing a curtain of darkness over the earth. Crickets chirped and the air grew cool. Stars came out dimly at first and then grew brighter as twilight came calm and beautiful and the peace and silence of the evening settled over all.

—Fern Bryant.

B. H. S.

B, stands for Butler,
The home of us all,
We never do fail
When we once hear the call.

H, stands for Health
Which we should obtain
Regarding not wealth.

S, stands for Strength, our School chain is Strong,
No weak links have we here,
We're welded together by thoughts and linked with deeds sincere.

Helen Casebere.

TRAIN TIME

TRAIN time at the village of Blackville is, indeed a busy time. Old Hank Stevens, who never seems to grow any older is the station master, telegraph operator, and baggage carrier all in one. He is always there spitting tobacco and talking with one of his comrades over the "good old days".

The depot is a drab and dirty old building, yet it has an air of mysteriousness.

When the train comes in at 3:40 there are several people at the station. One of these is Miranda Harvey. She comes, saying she expected a package from the city, which somehow has never arrived. Most people say that she goes to the station to get from the drudgery of her housework. Another one of these persons is the post master. He comes along to get the mail, but has difficulty in trying to make his wife believe that it takes an hour and a half.

The train comes snorting in and with a jerk it stops. The baggage cars open and the clerk throws out a bag or two, then the train moves on, and Hank walks genially back into his former post.

—Edward Campbell.

PARADY ON

"Get Away Old Man, Get Away"

Well, Old Man Winter, are you leaving?
I hate your spirit to be grieving,
But with your wind and ice and snow
I'm certainly glad to see you go.

Yes, I know what you will be saying,
How at basketball we're playing.
But my heart's in shady bowers,
Waiting for the wild spring flowers.

My hat is shabby, my gloves worn out,
My wool dress shrunk till my knees stick out,
Don't you know how a Junior feels,
When both her boots are out at the heels.

Oh, well you can't much longer tarry;
Why, this is the end of February!
Don't you see it's time to go,
You came to us quite early, you know.

So now Old Pal, if you'll move along,
We'll all join hands in a farewell song.
It's quite polite to ask you back
But please excuse the "pep" I lack.

Opal White.

THE GREEN SERPENT

GRANDFATHER Greed lived in a huge mansion on the side of a hill. The house was not beautiful but was exceedingly striking in its type. It had been white at one time but was gray now because of its age. No vines, flowers, or shrubbery could be seen to soften the effect.

Grandfather Greed was rather like his house. He was miserly and relentless and absolutely dauntless. Once in a while he would soften a little, but this was very seldom.

As for relatives, he had very few. Grandfather Greed's daughter, the only one who could move him from his set course, had long been dead and he had hardened himself in a shell after her death. Few people pitied or loved him but all respected him. Innocence's daughter, named Innocence after her mother, was very much like her, lovely, gracious and sincere. Grandfather Greed loved her with all his heart, but he wouldn't let her know this at all. Greed Junior, the grandson of old father Greed, was rather like him except that he was cruel and evil and wanted to get everything he could and give nothing.

One day in early fall, there was a crepe on the old manison on the hill. Grandfather Greed had died. The attendance at his funeral was large, more from curiosity than anything else though. Innocence and Greed Jr. were there. The girl hated the evil looking young man at once and so paid very little attention to him.

On the day the will was to be read, Innocence, the lawyer, Greed Jr., and a few servants gathered together in the large library. The lawyer, Important, by name, cleared his throat, and appearing very important indeed, began to read the will. He left a few bequests to the servants and one larger one to a hospital and then the startling clause. He bequeathed the huge fortune to either Innocence or Greed Jr.—the one who found the Green Serpent.

The Green Serpent was a Chinese bracelet which had on the inside, a small sinister green serpent. The eyes were almost as large as the entire body and were beautiful but evil looking rubies. Grandfather Greed had paid a small fortune of this bracelet and had procured it from a Chinese merchant on one of his many visits to China. Wealthy people had since come to him and offered him vast sums of money if he would sell it, but he would not do this. Perhaps he had this clause of his will in mind when he made the decision.

When the lawyer read this part, both Innocence and Greed Jr., were startled. Both wanted the money, but for different reasons, Greed Jr. for selfish purposes and Innocence, to help her crippled sister and to also pave the way to marriage with the young man, Trustworthy, to whom she was engaged.

Green Jr. immediately started his search for he wanted that fortune very badly. Innocence wanted the fortune too, of course, but she wasn't so greedy and was a little more respectful of her grandfather.

The search of both people went on relentlessly for several days and then the terrible unexpected happened. Innocence was going up the huge marble stairway when she saw a figure lying huddled on the second landing. She ran to it, knelt down, and turned the body over. It was Greed Jr. and he was

dead! Innocence was startled and ran to the old butler who was ascending the stairs. He carried the body to a small living room just off the stairway and laid him on the couch. Then he telephoned a doctor who arrived in just a few minutes. One of Greed Jr.'s hands was tightly clenched and when the doctor opened this he found in it the green serpent. But one of the ruby eyes was missing! In a few minutes the doctor gave his verdict. He said that Greed Jr. had died from poison and then he asked to see the bracelet. "Oh," he exclaimed, "I have it now. The poison was concealed around the ruby that is missing and Greed evidently tried to remove it and was poisoned."

The inquest was held but the only decision reached was that Greed Jr. had died of poisoning but that murder could be placed on no one.

This was the result of Greed Jr.'s selfish desire for the money. He had tried much harder to get the fortune than Innocence, and he wasn't going to do any good with it either. This seemed to be God's punishment.

Innocence sold this bracelet to a wealthy Chinese merchant, for it had brought nothing but trouble.

A few days later she formally received the fortune and sent her crippled sister immediately to the hospital. Then Trustworthy and Innocence were married and managed tactfully to help many poor families.

—Dorothy Campbell.

TOMMY'S PRAYER

The wind was sharp and the stars were bright,
As Tommy homeward turned that night,
'Twas in the town where Christ was born
Long years ago on Christmas morn.

His ragged suit was poor and thin,
But little this thing troubled him,
For now he paused at the church door;
Would God care if he ask some more?

Slowly he crept on his little feet
Down to the front past all the seats,
And prayed once more to Him who is blest,
To take him to that place of rest.

Then quietly passing through the door,
He resumed his journey home once more,
To the place where his wonderful mother lay
While he worked through the long, long day.

Softly he crossed the worn bare floor
To see her smiling face once more,
Slowly he kneeled beside her bed,
God had given her rest instead.

—Ragna Bryant.

LE RETOUR A LA VITE

(Return To Life)

"WHAT you need Henri is fresh air and sunshine. Come to America and visit us for a while and I assure you that you will return as well as you once were."

Henri Jacques, crushing slowly in his hand, the telegram that had been sent to him from his brother a fortnite before, started out on the ocean. Life had seemed to him, one trouble after another and now that this accident had befallen him, all his hopes and ideals were shattered. It seemed that only a little while back he had been walking about and now, since he had walked directly in the path of a truck, his whole life was mapped out before him—a life to be spent as a hopeless cripple. Little did he know of the letter that had been carried across the Atlantic to Stephen, his brother, from the little French doctor, telling Stephen that only a sudden shock or realization would bring Henri from this crippled state to health and happiness again. But he did know of the telegram that had been sent to him from Stephen, bidding him to come to America, and at last he was on the ship, "Good Hope", sailing for the United States.

Three weeks later found him in the peaceful country home of Stephen, still restless and unhappy. One lovely autumn afternoon, he wheeled himself out in the garden just as the sun, a large golden ball, was sinking into its haven in the west and reflecting a motley of colors upon the western skies. Henri discerned in the distance, shocks of corn, looking like tiny Indian huts, and in the background stood, like grim sentinels, the tall oak trees, shedding their brilliantly-colored leaves without a tremor. He looked up in the sky and saw a migration of wild geese flying southward to their winter home. All about him the busy squirrels chattered as they carried nuts to and fro, between their tiny sharp teeth.

Suddenly a realization crept gradually over him of the beauty of nature and the earnestness and joy with which the little wood animals scurried around in preparation for their winter home. He saw his own heart and mind warped as they were by his selfish purposes and thoughts and even as the little squirrels seemed to chatter, "Get up! Get up!" he slowly rose from his wheel chair and took three tottering steps forward.

As the last ray of sunlight fell upon the land, it rested for a moment on Henri's face and illuminated the peacefulness and serenity of his soul.

—Josephine Shaffer.

TEDDY'S CHRISTMAS

"I WONDER what I'll get for Christmas," said a small curly headed boy to a group of the orphanage children. "I don't 'spose Santa will have enough toys to go around, do you?" he asked wistfully.

Another small boy answered, "We never get very much on Christmas here, Teddy, so don't expect much. I bet you had lots of fun before you came here, didn't you, Teddy?"

"Yeh, I did, before, before—mama went," he said, the last words dying out to a mere whisper and the tears starting in his eyes.

The children stood sympathetically by and Teddy walked silently to the big window so the rest of the children would not see his tears. Absently he watched the swirling snowflakes change the outer world from bare, brown earth to a lovely, white, shining blanket of feathery snow.

Then a large, beautiful car rolled up the orphanage driveway and stopped at the steps. A lady and gentleman stepped out of the car. Teddy said, "I suppose they're coming to borrow some of us for Christmas. Boy! I wish it would be me."

All of the people waited in silence until the rich people came into the room. The matron spoke a few words in a low voice to the lady and gentleman, then called, "Teddy Lewis, come here, Mrs. Harrison wants to see you a minute."

Teddy turned quickly, with rapidly beating heart and ran across the room until he was directly in front of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, then he stopped. Mrs. Harrison smiled at him and won his heart completely and the twinkle in Mr. Harrison's eyes promised that they would be friends.

"How would you like to go home with us for Christmas?" Mrs. Harrison asked.

"Oh! could I go? Honest?" Teddy asked.

"Of course you can go."

"I'm ready right now. Let's go," Teddy said. And they walked out together, a happy little group.

Christmas day Teddy said, "The only thing I don't like about today is that I'll have to go back to the orphanage." Then Mr. Harrison took him upon his knee and said, "No, Teddy, you're going to stay right here and be our little boy. You won't ever have to go back to the orphanage." Teddy said, "Oh! Gee! Won't that be fun?" and then he added, "I'll be an awful good boy, too."

—Helen Bonecutter.

THE PERSON WHO TRIES, "WINS"

The persons who win decide that they can,
Not live on any peculiar plan,
Not blessed with any peculiar luck,
They're steady, earnest and chuck full of pluck.

When they're asked a question they never guess,
They merely answer, "No or Yes",
When set before a task that others can't do,
They settle down till they put it through.

The person who wins is the person who works,
In work or play they never shirk,
They use their hands, and heads, and eyes,
The person who wins is the person who tries.

—Helen Casebere.

Mars

The Gang

Kate

Oh, Sarry

Tug

Farmerette

Vi

Something's Wrong

Not so hot

Joe and Jane

All dressed Up

Vera

Day by Day

SEPTEMBER

9. ! ! School opens ! ! Fun and work also ? ?
10. Teachers are all new but Mr. Moore. He says he feels like an old horse in a new stall.
14. The teachers say that the Seniors act like Freshmen this year. Wonder why?
23. O-oh! ! Nine period day starts.
24. Blue Triangle party tonite. Didn't we have fun?
27. Horseshoe tournament this week.

OCTOBER

1. Basketball practice starts.
8. Committee chosen to select Senior play.
16. Marquis entertains us tonite.
18. The Senior play books are ordered.
23. Debate in chapel by Public Speaking girls.
30. First Hi-Y meeting.

NOVEMBER

1. First game tonite with Edgerton.
4. Seniors are working hard on the play.
6. "Big Rich" entertains us tonite.
9. Our boys play St. Joe tonite.
11. Flags out. Armistice Day.
15. Look out, Davy. Something always goes before a fall.
19-20. "Esmeralda" presented tonite.
21. Play well attended. Thanks.
22. Salem comes here tonite.
27. Thanksgiving vacation.

DECEMBER

6. We go to Garrett tonite.
9. Pictures taken for the annual today.
10. The Glee Club is working on the Operetta.
11. Hi-Y meeting.
13. Friday, the thirteenth was not an unlucky day (for us). We beat Columbia City 31-30. Close, eh?
17-18. "Hearts and Blossoms" tonite. Owing to bad weather we did not have a very large crowd.
20. The game with Ashley was called off on account of drifted roads.
21. Hurrah! Christmas is here. Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

JANUARY

1. Hi-Y meeting again tonite.
3. Another victory. Beat Ligonier 46 to 18. Hurrah!
6. Seniors are canvassing for the annual. We want your help.

Pals

All wet

Chums

The heighth of glory for (?)

Supt

No Fair

The Old Standby

What's this?

Happy Pair

Friends (?)

10. Game with Fort Wayne was their victory.
14-16. Horrors! Exams.
18. Tourney. We beat Auburn.
22. Mr. French had floor in chapel today.
23. Another ball game tomorrow night. Of course, we can beat Waterloo.
24. We beat Waterloo! Hurrah!
28. They are changing the seats so some of the students can be nearer the black-board. Ha! Ha!!
30. Be careful how you carry yourselves. The Civics class will arrest and bring you to court.
31. Beat Ashley 42 to 22. Aren't our boys doing fine?

FEBRUARY

3. Work hard, you attorney and witnesses for Ash. It looks as though he will be proven guilty.
4. Mr. Ash was convicted and sentenced to three years in the State Prison besides a fine and costs.
5. Rev. Myers talked in chapel today.
6. The Junior and Senior Home Economics girls are planning their future home. Wonder how soon it will be?
7. Tomorrow nite we play Spencerville. Hope we win.
10. Oh, yes, we beat Spencerville.
11. All vocational students went to Auburn today to find out some more about Home Economics and Agriculture.
12. Mr. Poffenberger talked on "Astronomy" in chapel.
13. B-e-a-t L-a-g-r-a-n-g-e is our cry!
14. Lagrange defeated us 34 to 30.
18. The Juniors have ordered their play books.
21. Play Angola tomorrow nite. Last game of the season. Good luck, boys.
25. Farmers' Institute. No classes today. Hurray.
27. Tourney tomorrow. B-e-a-t A-u-b-u-r-n. We're with you, boys.
28. Although Auburn defeated us, we gave them a hard fight. Score 14 to 16.

MARCH

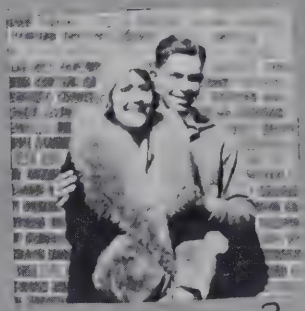
3-4. The Senior Boys are practicing for a real trial to be given the next chapel period.
5. Our Senior boys received their basketball sweaters tonite.
7. Senior invitation party in gym. Had a wonderful time!
12. Mrs. Martz entertains us in chapel. Blue Triangle girls heard Mrs. Miller speak on "How to Develop a Charming Personality."
13-14. Our Basketball boys go to Indianapolis to see the tourney, of course.
19. Buren gave an account of the trip to the tourney. He hopes that next year's team has as good a time as the boys had this year.
20. District contest tonite at Auburn.
21. Work in annual is progressing rapidly.
24. News. Mabel Casebere is wearing a diamond ring.

Playing—as usual

Roe Bob and King

Shiek

High hat



Sweethearts?

Innocence

Pretty posies?

Why so sour?

Three Campbells

27. Banners given to the first three classes for their support in buying annuals.
27. Spring baseball practice starts today.

APRIL

1. We wish school would last all summer. April fool!
2. This was Senior chapel day. They gave a one-act play.
3. "Toy Toy San", Junior High operetta, coming soon.
3-4. A cyclone will hit Butler tonite. Juniors will present "Cyclone Sally".
9. Brotherhood meeting tonite.
14. Begins the Seniors last six weeks in B. H. S.
16. More snaps! For our annual, of course.
17. Rain, rain, go away. Our athletes want to play baseball!
18. The quartette of Indiana Central College entertained us this morning. They sure are good!
23. Why does everyone look so sad? No chapel today.

MAY

1. Begins the last month of school. Are we glad! ! !
6. It's so hot in the assembly that everyone looks sleepy. Be patient, only three more weeks.
14. Review for exams. We will need lots of it.
16. Junior and Senior Banquet.
18. Baccalaureate sermon tonite.
19. Exams! ! "F's"? ? or "A's"? ?
20. Class day.
21. Commencement nite.
23. We end thusly . . . good bye.

As usual

What's up?

Twins?

Chums

School house Pet

Lovers

Miss Farmer

Interesting

Mrs Myers to be

ALUMNI

President - - - - - - Marjorie Waterman Mutzfeld
Vice President - - - - - - - John Campbell
Secretary - - - - - - - - - Bruce Blair
Treasurer - - - - - - - - Paul Mutzfeld

Class of 1911

Reah Holtzberg Monroe
Grace Murch Somers
Coy Pifer
Ethel Higley Dunning
Hazel Garber Gilberts
Roberts Beams

Class of 1912

Hazel Gunsenhouser Myers
Hazel Chambers
Pearl Brink
Garnet Brink Grube
Zura Shumaker Zeigler
Winnie Smurr Ault
Blanche Whetsel
Mary Strong Schondelmeyer
Charles Wiley
Ross Tomlinson
Ralph Sechler
Glenn Freeburn

Class of 1913

Sherley Praul Carson
Gail Aldrich Morrison
Leighton Tombow
D. Baker
Golda Swantusch
Wallace Knepper
Dessie Oberlin Wilson
Lester Firestone
Dessie Smurr Weber
Louise Maryman McClintoc

Class of 1914

Ella Brown
Carry McClellan
Ruth Smith
Helen Kester Wells
George L. Strong
Melvin Smurr
Una Lemon
Roscoe Capp
Georgia Good Knepper
Mildred Tomlinson Fleming
Ruth Chambers Hewey
Harold Hewey
Gladys Abel McNabb

Class of 1915

Madge Fee Robinson
Caroline Showalter Frisbie
Clyde Ginder
Russell Fee
Doris Shumaker Bratton
Robert Worthington
Millard Capp
Bessie Praul Baker
Aileen Knepper Osborne
Hilda Madden Phelps
Virginia Wartenbee Tarr
Ruby King
Ray Imhoff
Edward Swift
Laura Wyatt Washler
Clifford Beuhrer

Class of 1916

Lucile Waterman Smurr
Mildred Wiley
Donald Miller
Rose Adams Steckley
Ralph Staley
Laura Jennings Seltenright
Clayton Fetters
Mae Shumaker Fetters
Galen Braun
Ralph Inhofe
Mary Baker Walgamood
Lois Clay Long
Winnifred Wiley Weinberg
Gerald Dohm

Class of 1917

Alda Mumaw
Ruth Gallahan Miller
Floyd Wineland
Lester Casebere
Lloyd Clay
Willard Smurr
Andrew Grube
Homer Tinney
Bert Moughler
Robert Sewell
T. M. Long
Earnest Husselman
Harold Blaker

Cleo Robinson O'Neil
Della Vealy
Esther Hiner Shook
Pauline Hart Capp
Velma Haverstock Fridenberger

Class of 1918

Helen Carpenter Green
Howard Kandel
Helen Smith Smith
Cecil Maryman
Ora Souders
Leonard Wagoner
Venus Shultz Rex
Fay Olds Blaker
Veda Oberlin Curtis
Elga Ginder

Class of 1919

Wanda Brown Stillwell
Lois Powers Swearingen
Gertrude Shumaker King
Lucile Oberlin Steward
Margaret Vernier
Gertrude Worthington
Esther Hose Cotrell
Agnes Hosack Smurr
Grace Ginder Kellar
Esta Keller Wilson
Ruby Raney Lantoit
Mabel Raney Hughes
Willa Underhill Wagoner
Frank Ramey
Dean Sturgis
Claude Cook
Gladys Farner

Class of 1920

Helen Smurr Kandel
Emma Brown
Ruth Fee Glawe
Ralph Campbell
Louise Willock Scott
Otis Fisher
Elizabeth Mondhank Hersch
Loren Jennings
Marjorie Waterman Mutzfeld
Hubert Doud
Ralph Mutzfeld
Ora Blaker
Hazel Dohner Janke
Edson Klinkel
Gilbert Boyd
Leland Alwood
Lela Alwood Campbell
Madge McClellan Johnston
Clara Panhuysen Rupp
Violet Lautzenhiser Farnham
Miriam Bryant Souders
Mildred Arford Coll
Dorothy Haverstock Krontz
Kermit Oberlin
Anna Ball O'Brien

Class of 1921

Marcel Swift
Thelma Sturgis
Glenn McClellan
Erma Horn Krontz
Ralph Kepler
Opal Shumaker Handy
Waldo Anthony
Louise Mason Trittipo
Veda Zentz
Bruce Blair
Bessie Jennings McCollough
Gladys Cook Shultz
Clare Jennings
Atlanta Showalter Kessler
Laura Smith
Ralph Shultz
Helen Harding Sicard
Ileta Kline Dull
Lorris Hollinger
Dorothy Blaker Badman
John Brown
Mildred Oberlin
Francena Lowe Tyner
Roy Hankey
De Sewell
Nancy Bryant Houck

Class of 1922

Dorothy Tyson Learned
Loren Steckley
Troas Chubb Carpenter
Marjorie Graf Underhill
Leo Shumaker
Bessie Phelps Overhalt
Reba Woods
Elmon Vernier
Doris Jennings
Deborah Showalter
Virgil Hathaway
Eleanor Kuss Cook
Sarah Maxwell Moore
Fred Tomlinson
Lorna Johnson Gahegan
Clark Platt
Louise Brown Claiborne
Ruth Capp Stonebraker

Earl Mullett
Henrietta Packer King
Dorotha Aldrich Snyder
Gerald Anthony
Ruth Eakright Fuller
Naomi Lawson

Class of 1923

Wayne Hendricks
Laura Stroh
Jesse Raney
Thelma Sechler Carpenter
Beulah Spake Billings
Richard Dannels
Zona Smith Jennings
Albert Hiatt
Dorothy Campbell Humbarger
Arlo Wyncoop
Donna Daniels Raney
Maurice Wiley
Grayce Keller West
Clark Gould
Mable Steckly Pepper
Wilda Diehl McCollough
Lester Copeland
George Ocker
Hilda Searfoss
Carl F. Kaiser
Willis Snyder

Class of 1924

Kathryn Gehring
James Cather
Margaret Kuss
Ivol McClellan
Loren Teutsch
Arthur Jenks
Dorothy Ocker Sherman
Mary Carpenter
Earl McDonald
Russell Miller
Henry Funk
Robert Rudd
Kathryn Cather Zimmer
Dorothy Haverstock Jones
Sarabel Capp Mullett
Ruth Haverstock
Gaylord Mullett
Queen Blair Todd
Adelle Oberlin Myers
Paul Wagner

Class of 1925

John Poffenberger
Howard Funk
Dorothy Snyder
Helen Oberlin Silberg
Isabell Madden
Lehr Heminway
Albert Wideman
Elizabeth Bryan
Josephine Signs Snyder
Frederick Gengnagel
Clyde Rosenberry
Helen Staley Blaker
Lillian Hiatt
Huber Knisely
Laurence Blaker
Flavia Anthony
Janet Graham Telschow
Roy Teutsch
Clayton Loomis
Faye Haverstock
Bruce Ratts

Class of 1926

Wade Newcombe, DePauw University, Greencastle
Ralph Snyder, Home, Butler, Ind.
William Miller, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Dorothy Dohner, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Walter Rank, Kansas.
Kathryn Smith, Teacher, Butler, Ind.
Floy Ulm, Teacher, Butler, Ind.
Mary Wood, Deceased.
Margaret Lowe, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Edwin Keep, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Lester Hubartt.
Omah Kline Jennings, Butler, Ind.
S. J. Aldrich, Butler, Ind.
Bernice Griffin, Butler, Ind.
Kenneth Jennings, Butler, Ind.
Norman Keller, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mary Hablawetz Washler, St. Joe, Ind.
Harold Powell, Butler, Ind.
Irene Gunsenhouser Robbins, Butler, Ind.
Shirley Diehl, Butler, Ind.
Paul Mutzfeld, Butler, Ind.
Lewis Kissinger, Deceased.
Margaret Ames, Cleveland, Ohio.

Class of 1927

Jerald Teutsch, Butler, Ind.
Frances Miller, Butler, Ind.
Colista Diehl, Warrensburg State Teachers' College, Warrensburg, Mo.
Norman Norris, Detroit, Mich.

Otis Kline, Detroit, Mich.
Florence Maggart, South Bend, Ind.
Helen Bryan Carpenter, Butler, Ind.
Raymond Snyder, New Jersey.
Gail Wyncoop, Teacher, Butler, Ind.
Harold Slentz, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Mary Kandel, Waitress, Angola, Ind.
Delbert Jenks, Butler, Ind.
Walter Fisher, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Ernest Hiatt, Butler, Ind.
Ralph Stuller, Butler, Ind.
Kenneth Holman, Butler, Ind.
Harriet Fitch Kissinger, South Bend, Ind.
Helen Wagner, Teacher, Butler, Ind.
Pauline Hubartt, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Helen Alwood, Butler, Ind.
Anson Smith, Butler, Ind.
Herbert Tyson, Auburn, Ind.
Lester Snyder, Kendallville, Ind.
Martin Leason, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Gertrude Bordner, Butler, Ind.
Ferda Hample, Butler, Ind.

Class of 1928

Velda Huntington Snyder, N. J.
Marcelle Smith, Indiana Central, Indianapolis, Ind.
Robert Cather, Butler, Ind.
Virginia Stone, Butler, Ind.
Ruth Noragon Lige, Auburn, Ind.
Carver Newcombe.
Wanda McClellan, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Harold Milliman
John Haverstock, Detroit, Mich.
Waneta Casebere, South Bend, Ind.
Robert King, Butler, Ind.
Paul Oberlin, Butler, Ind.
John Campbell, Butler, Ind.
Vara Fifer, Butler, Ind.
Donna Higley, Butler, Ind.
Raymond Wise, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Paul Kissinger, Butler, Ind.
Harold Ash, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Lucille Hamman, North Manchester College, North Manchester, Ind.
Robert Poffenberger, Butler, Ind.
Bessie Mae Snyder, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Frank Parker, Annapolis, Md.
Roy Baumgardner, Butler, Ind.

Class of 1929

Keith Beebe, Butler, Ind.
Mowitza Hood, Butler, Ind.
Virginia Brown, North Manchester College, North Manchester, Ind.
Arthur Campbell, Butler, Ind.
Raymond Alwood, Butler, Ind.
Irene Bryant, North Manchester College, North Manchester, Ind.
Awilda Campbell, Butler, Ind.
Romaine Campbell, Butler, Ind.
Helen Carr, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Leland Diehl, Butler, Ind.
Edson Fee, Chicago, Ill.
Ruth Culbertson, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Helen Hanna, Butler, Ind.
Robert Hablawetz, Butler, Ind.
Drayton Loomis, Butler, Ind.
Erma Jennings, Butler, Ind.
Robert Lowe, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Aletha Mavis, Bryan, Ohio.
Catherine Oberlin, Albion College, Albion, Mich.
Ralph McCollough, Butler, Ind.
Alan Miller, Butler, Ind.
Margaret Telschow Brand, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Ialeene Teutsch, Butler, Ind.
Randall Staley, Butler, Ind.
Roberta White Meese, Waterloo, Ind.
Bernard Sturgis, DePauw, University, Greencastle, Ind.

Class of 1930

James Alwood
Lloyd Ash
Elmer Beebe
Robert Bevington
Albert L. Brown
Ragna Bryant
Mable Casebere
Genevieve Chapman
Helen Cook
Nelson Dever
Robert Gehring
Robert Hollinger
Aaron Holman
LeRoy Johnson
Gertrude Johnson
Vivian Kline
Donald Keefer
Doris Kester
Blaine Rex
Bernard Stuller
Berniece Stuller
Helen Turner
Leo Tyson
Dorothy Wagner
Buren Ulm

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Chuck. "I don't know, but in the recent flood my father floated away on the bed and I accompanied him on the piano."

Mrs. Jones: "How's your husband coming with his reducing lessons?"

Mrs. Smith: "Oh, just fine. You know that battleship he had tattooed on his chest; why now it's just a rowboat."

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2nd College youth:
"There was a girl named Nellie,
She went down to the creek
And set in the water
Up to her feet."

1st college youth: "But that doesn't rhyme with Nellie."

2nd college youth: "I know, but the water wasn't deep enough."

Butcher: "Snap out of it, John. Break the bones in Mrs. Jones' chops and wrap up Mrs. Smith's ribs."

John: (very busy) "All right, just as soon as I saw off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

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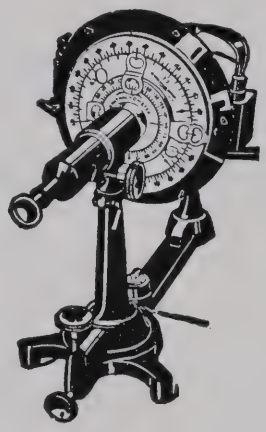

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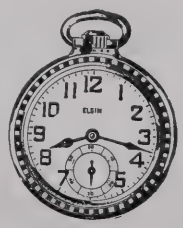

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Fall term begins.....September 29, 1930
Winter term begins.....January 5, 1931
Spring term begins.....March 23, 1931

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Son: "Gee, Dad, you musta' been a dandy. Look at Grandad."

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Writer: "To Philip who?"

Editor: "To fill-up space."

Traffic cop: "As soon as I saw you come around the bend I said to myself, 'Forty-five, at least'."

Lady Driver: How dare you, it's this hat that makes me look so old."

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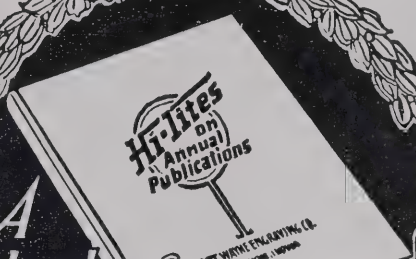

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PEN DRAWINGS
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